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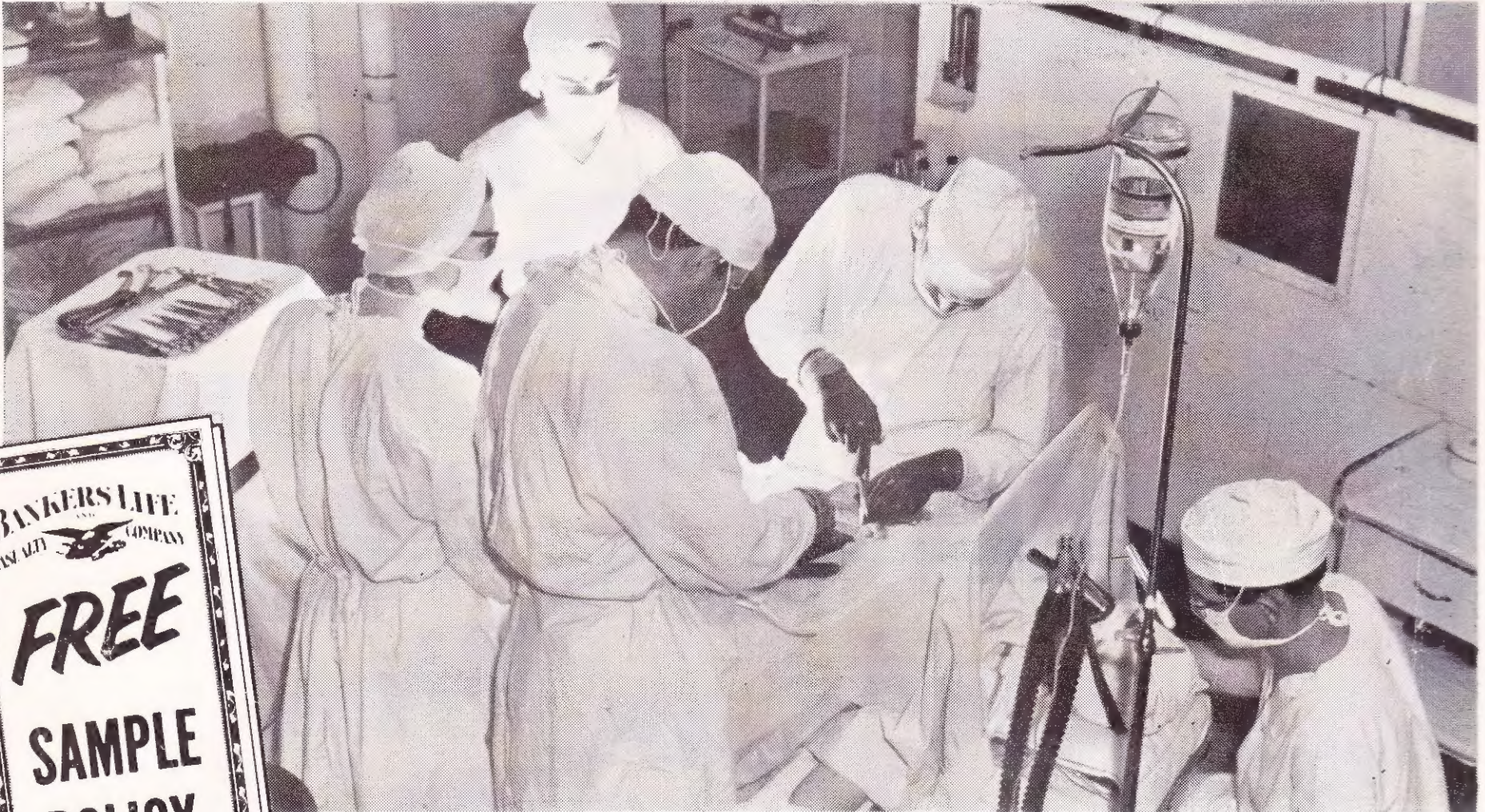
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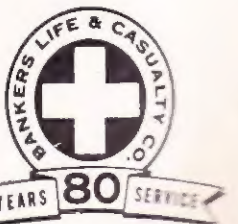
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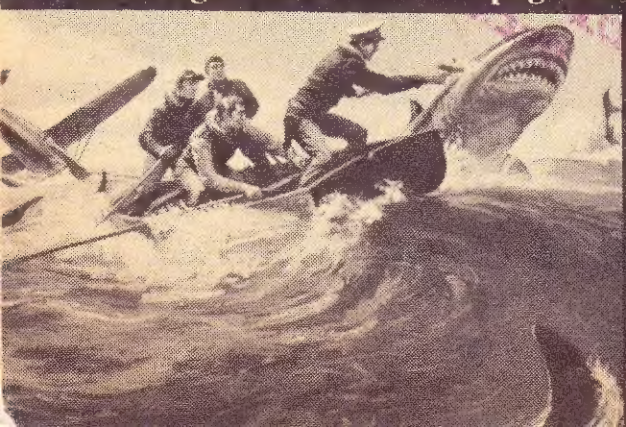


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Hungry tiger sharks complicate the toughest murder mystery of the high seaspage 46





This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

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man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

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This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

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QUESTION: (From Waldemar Korr, Adel, Iowa)

I have heard that there is a barkless dog. Can you tell me something about this odd breed of canine?

ANSWER: (By William P. Schramm, TRUE ADVENTURES consultant)

The dog you have in mind is the Basenji. He does not bark but he can whine and even growl. The Basenji is just about the ideal dog for a family pet. He is about the size of a fox terrier and has spunk enough to make a dependable watch dog. He has clean habits, is frolicsome with children, and very fond of them.

There are quite a few Basenji breeders in the United States today and the breed has been gaining popularity since first being introduced here in 1940.

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QUESTION: (From Dean Gallahue, Montezuma, Indiana)

For some time now I have been interested in enlisting in the Merchant Marine. Can you please send all the information available about this?

ANSWER: (By Lt. C. B. Lemon, U.S.C.G. (Ret.), TRUE ADVENTURES consultant)

The "merchant marine" of the United States being vessels and ships privately owned and operated and manned by civilian crews who have taken up the profession of seafaring, it is not open to "enlistments." It is suggested that one who wishes to take up this seafaring profession should first visit one of the Maritime Unions in a large seaport and there find out at first hand just what the demand for seafaring men may be at the moment, or if the union desires to accept additional members or could place them in jobs in any case.

Applicants for this career must first be certificated in whatever specialty they desire to follow: Seaman, Fireman, etc. To obtain this certification one applies to an office of: Officer In Charge, Marine Inspection, United States Coast Guard. This officer causes the applicant to be examined as to his fitness and ability to carry out the duties of the selected specialty. Even the passing of this examination does not entitle the applicant to a job. That is going to depend on the state of the seagoing labor situation.

Check first with a Maritime Union.

QUESTION: (From James I. Gaffrey, U. S. Marine Corps, San Francisco, Calif.)

I would greatly appreciate any information on bicycling and travel that you can give me: such as good bikes to buy, good routes, problems of upkeep.

ANSWER: (By R. C. Geist, TRUE ADVENTURES consultant)

A good tour bicycle could be of foreign or American make and should not weigh more than twenty-five pounds. It should be equipped with gear shifts for the hills and mountains to be taken. Use a stock bicycle or have one made up to order—at a cost of ninety to one-hundred-fifty dollars. Your local bicycle dealer can order anything you need.

A good tour route in Canada would be in Nova Scotia or Gaspé or along the St. Lawrence River from Montreal to Quebec. In Mexico the road is paved from the U. S. border to Guatemala, and is hilly with extremes of heat and cold. Several pioneers made this tour.

Upkeep on a long haul requires extra tires, tubes, extra spokes, cotter pins, oil, gear wires, etc. Take along, or buy in larger cities along the way. And, happy cycle touring to you.

QUESTION: (From Robert W. Hopkins, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina)

About to be discharged from the Marines and interested in joining the Secret Service. Can you advise as to application requirements and other related information I should consider?

ANSWER: (By Francis H. Bent, TRUE ADVENTURES consultant)

An application for the position of Treasury Enforcement Agent (Secret Service) must be a U. S. citizen, at least twenty-one years old, of excellent muscular development, no deformities, distant vision 20/20 in one eye and at least 20/30 in the other. If successful in the written examination an applicant would appear for interview to be judged on appearance, bearing and manner, vitality, interests, and motivation.

It is necessary to have at least one year of general experience consisting of progressively responsible work which has required the ability to deal with other people, to collect and assemble pertinent facts and to prepare clear and concise reports, or which has included training and practice in the use of firearms (no problem for a Marine).

It is also necessary to have three additional years of specialized experience in responsible criminal investigation or legal work which required the exercises of tact, ingenuity and resourcefulness in the development of facts and information used in connection with the prosecution or defense of criminal cases. Certain substitutions of education for experience may be acceptable.

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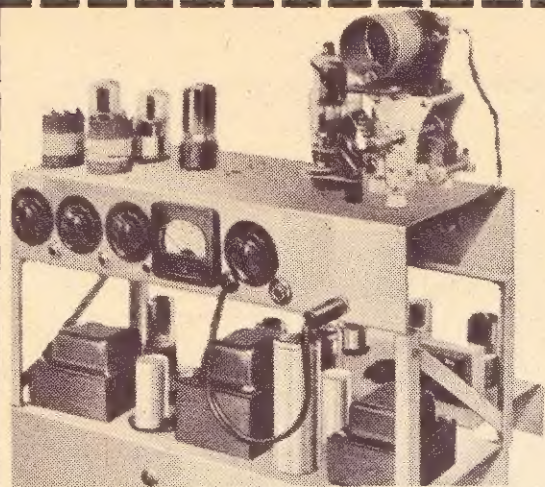
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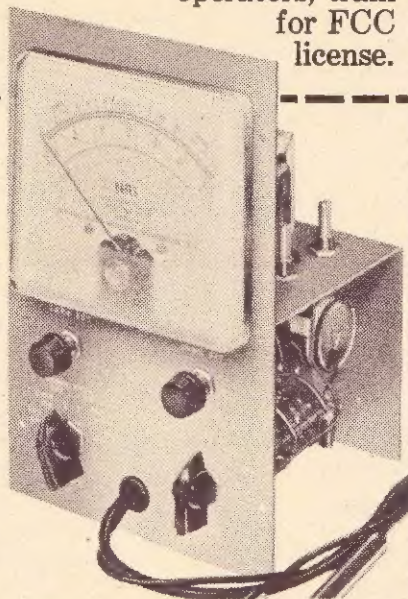
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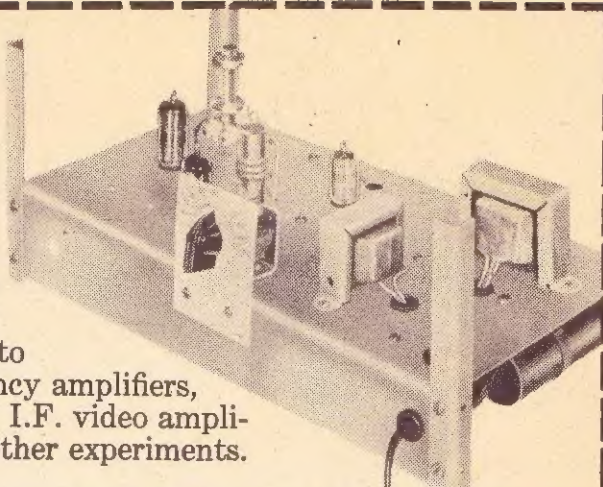


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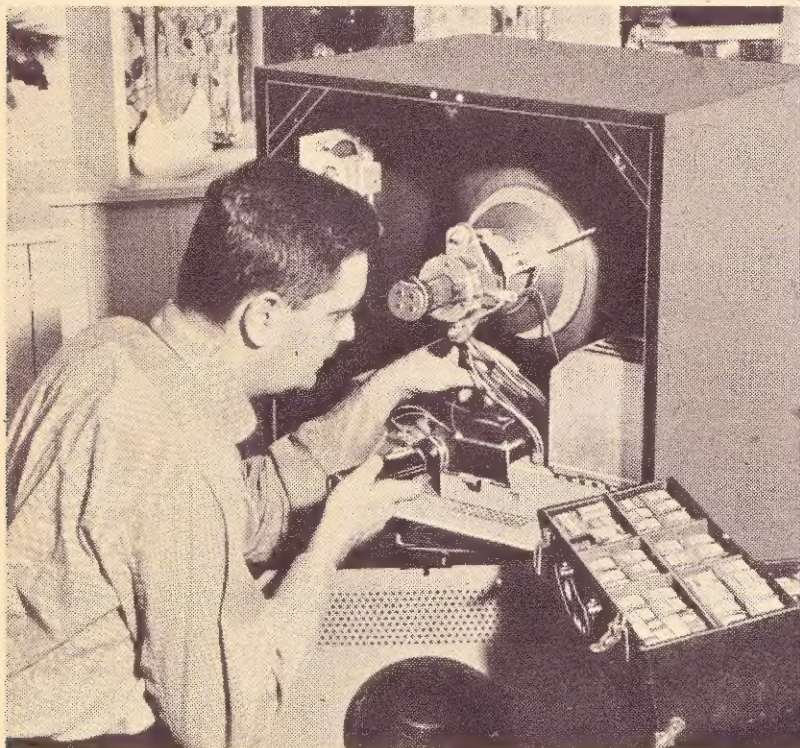
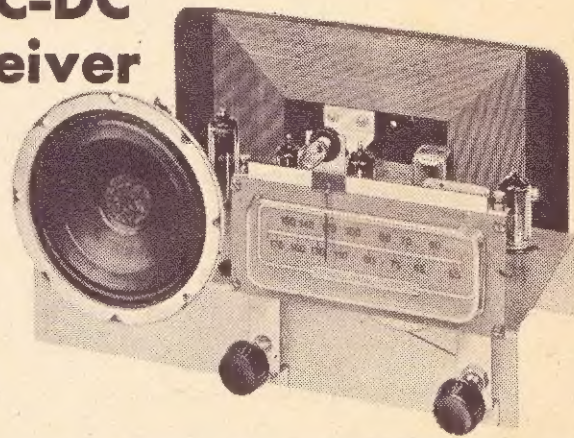
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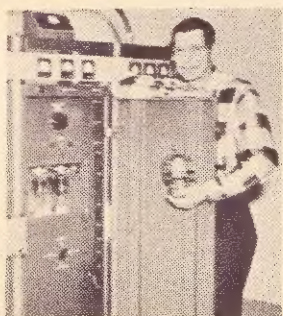
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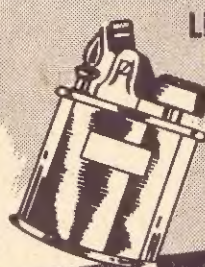
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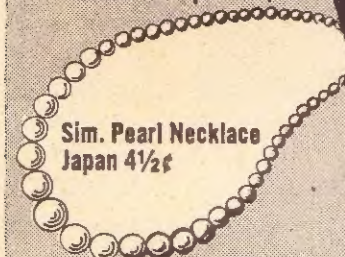


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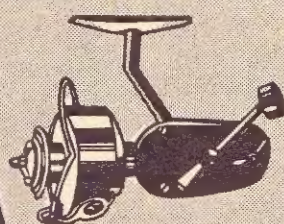
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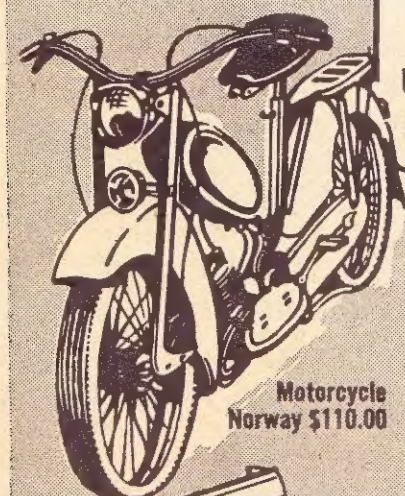
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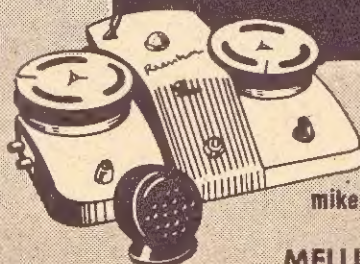
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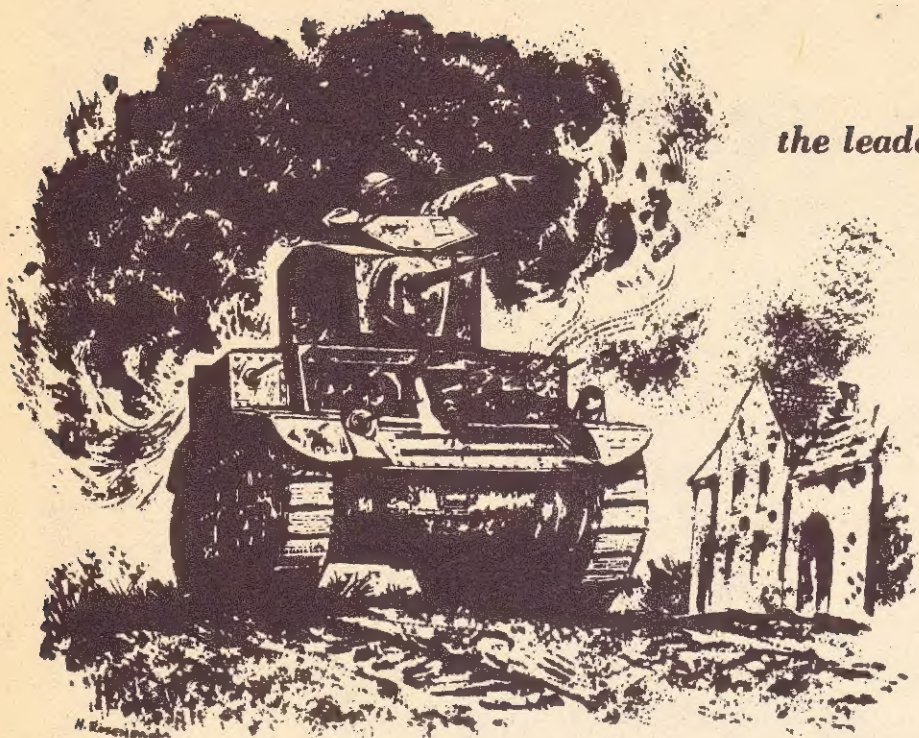
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*This was an instant when the guns grew silent and
the leaders of men were mute . . . when mortal enemies snatched an instant
of perilous humanity from the great holocaust of war*

MAN TO MAN

by LEW MILLER

■ MORE than fifteen years have passed since the end of World War Two, yet one battlefield experience is so vivid in my mind that it seems as though it happened yesterday. And I'm sure that the other men of the 4th Cavalry who sweated it out with me will always remember it just as keenly.

What we saw was so dramatic, so unexpected, so unique that it has given me faith in my fellow man for as long as I live. I guess we've read about Christmas Eve in World War One when the Austrian and Russian troops stopped firing at each other and sang "Silent Night" together. What I saw before my very eyes was just as miraculous.

Our platoon had hit the dirt, responding as one man the instant we heard the automatic staccato of German machine-gun fire.

The small arms fire increased in tempo as our men detected the origin of the enemy fire. Through the mist, I saw a little grove of trees from which a number of our men were banging away in fine style.

Faintly, through the fog, I could make out the vague form of a building from which firing seemed to emanate. The grove of trees that afforded us protection was only some twenty yards in width and about half that in depth. A plain rose abruptly behind, cresting twenty-five yards back and dropping out of sight. To our right was a level field, a "mined" field over which we had made our way before the firing started. To our left was a clearing of eighty to a hundred yards which ended in a dense woods situated on a slope.

For an hour or so, they peppered us with small arms fire. As the fog lifted, however, Kraut mortars started to zero in on us. Shells beat the ground *whoomp-whoomp* all about us. We were up against snipers using mortars.

Now I could get a better view of the building I had seen outlined before. It was about two hundred yards from where we were pinned down. It was an innocent looking house, but it harbored machine guns, snipers, probably antitank guns, and a keen-eyed observer who was directing mortar fire on our trapped outfit.

It was now light; visibility was perfect. The Krauts stepped up their small arms fire. Then the walkie-talkie suddenly began squawking.

"A diversionary attack is to be made. The action will start with Baker Troop firing from the heights at your right. A tank attack will be mounted from the woods at your left flank. After the building is smashed, the tanks will carry through the town with foot troops mopping up behind. You are to pull out as the diversionary attack gets under way."

GI's soon began to blaze away from the right flank. One shell tore off a part of the house roof. At that point, several tanks commenced firing from the woods at the left. The lead tank left its hiding place and moved out into the open.

As soon as it rumbled into sight, a *Panzerfaust* spat a rocket at the armored vehicle. It scored a direct hit. Flames shot into the air and the buttoned-up tankers threw open their hatches to escape being roasted. Screams of agony filled the air. The

driver and radioman slumped out of their cubby-holes to lay lifeless across the front of the tank. Only one figure popped out of the turret. His head stuck up, then his arms grabbed feebly at the turret's top. He managed to get his arms all the way over, then he slumped, armpits caught on the top, too weak to pull clear. It was horrifying to watch three helpless men about to be burned alive. Here was a violent death that could have been—and might at some future time be—the lot of any of us.

Firing on both sides stopped abruptly. A crazy silence hung over the area, a prayer without sound.

A wide door at the building's front suddenly swung open. A Volkswagen (the Nazi counterpart of our American jeep) lurched out carrying two German medics.

"If anyone fires on them, I'll kill him!"

I recognized Sergeant Fullbright's angered voice. The Volkswagen was speeding toward the burning tank. Two GI's near the scene ran out of the woods into the deadly open, to give assistance. Together the Americans and the Germans pulled out of the blazing turret one figure, slumped over the top. Apparently he was the only one with life in him. The Germans strapped him on a stretcher. Off they went. The GI's raced back to the woods.

The firing began again. That brief interlude of mercy was ended. Man was once more treating fellow man as an enemy. But none of us on either side will ever forget that moment of compassion we shared in the midst of dead-locked battle. ■

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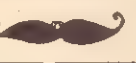






























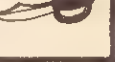





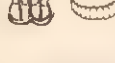



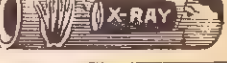






























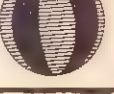

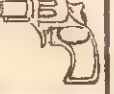







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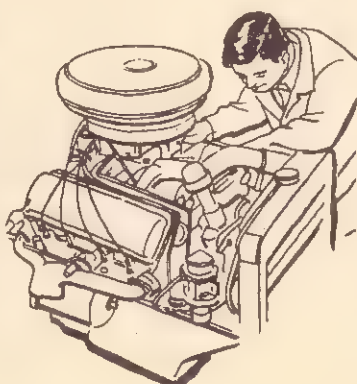


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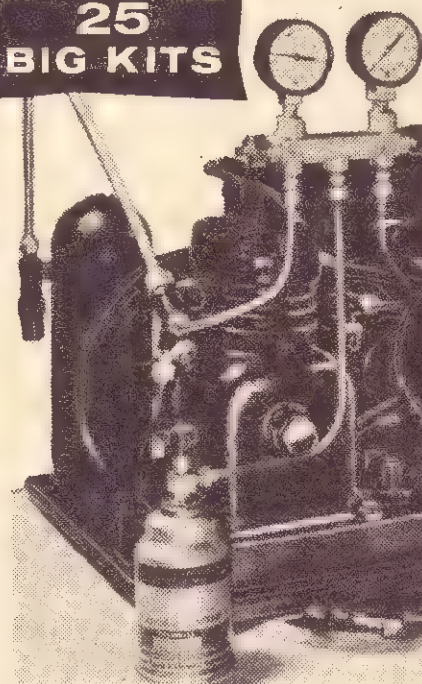


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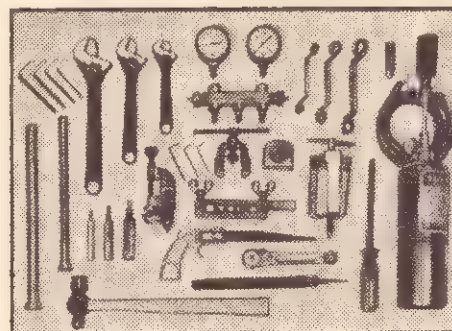


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Will Red Russia surprise-attack
before U.S. Spy-in-the-Sky satellites go
into orbit—sometime in the next
few months? During this critical period we
are without effective warning systems

HOW GOOD IS AMERICA'S SPYWORK?

BY ROBERT DEINDORFER



Advance warning will "scramble" crews into the air to retaliate; lack of warning will catch them on ground.

WIDE WORLD

WIDE WORLD



Allen Dulles, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency.

■ IN 1943 a defiant Chinese spy named Rei Ling was lashed to a post in a Jap prison-camp compound and shot to death by firing squad. In June that same year a British undercover agent, Lieutenant Arthur Hampton, was dispatched by similar means deep within Nazi Germany. In August, 1955, a Soviet agent, Colonel Walter Abel, was captured here in the United States and al-

though faced with a possible death penalty kept his lips clamped shut about his mission, and it was not necessary for Russia to fabricate a diplomatic defense. In 1956 two European agents penetrated the Iron Curtain on an espionage assignment—and were never heard from again.

Last May—1960—an American agent in a U-2 high-altitude jetplane undertook a spy mission aimed at guarding the world against nuclear destruction. He was heard from again—loud and clear—after being shot down and speaking freely to Soviet interrogators as his U.S. orders required. The dramatic use Khrushchev made of that strangely unguarded information ended U-2 flights and left the West without an effective warning system until "Spy-in-the-Sky" satellites can be fired into orbit, many months from now. Can the nation's fledgling espionage service, the Central Intelligence Agency, meantime provide the intelligence information America so desperately needs in this period of world crisis? Here is a question that concerns *your* chances of living through the war-threatened Atomic Age.

"In an era of nuclear weapons and a world shrunk by guided missile flights, rockets, and jets, the right piece of intelligence information, *in time*, would be worth—what's the population of America?—yes, a hundred and eighty million lives."

These are the words of a tall, spare Polish agent whose massive contributions to America and the rest of the free world cannot be publicly measured without endangering vital parts of our national security. The only

Espionage agents use modern telescopic-lense cameras to get spy pictures without risking detection.

thing that can safely be divulged now is that he is simply one of the most valued espionage agents in Western Europe today. Unfortunately for the United States, there are too few men like Jan in our own intelligence service.

In the perilous, hard-breathing realm of intrigue, Jan has come a long way. Even among toughened professionals he is considered a rare individual, one who by training, instinct, reflexes and temperament can pull off the biggest operation with artful guile. Many times in the past, Jan has overcome staggering hazards to run espionage lines into the hostile Communist world.

It takes years of training to produce an able intelligence man. Jan has a background few other agents can claim. In one way or another, he has been an underground worker in Europe ever since the fall of Poland in 1940. For Jan, the greatest change in the intervening years has been the identity of the hostile force—first Fascism, then Communism. But his mode of operation has remained basically the same.

Lately, Jan has helped slip our field agents through cracks into the Communist interior. But before that he worked the hard, dirty end himself. He made more than a dozen silent raids behind enemy lines. Twice he parachuted into enemy territory. Through this long exposure, Jan developed a penetrating knowledge of the dangerous art form called espionage.

The western world will be shocked to learn from him of the present state of American intelligence, and how in the past it has failed even to meet minimum *(Continued on page 64)*



BIRNBACK



Midget short-wave transmitter used by agents.



Does she eye other men, talk to them too eagerly? Is she really faithful? Here are some ways to end your suspicions—or your engagement—before it is too late

How to tell if She's Really Faithful

BY JULES ARCHER

PHOTO BY GRAPHIC HOUSE

■ WHEN John Grant returned home from the West Coast, his young second wife flew into his arms. "Oh, darling, darling—how I've missed you! The two weeks seemed like two years!"

Her eyes darted to the box under his arm. "Is that something for me? Oh, Johnny, you angel!"

"Yes, it's for you. I'll let you have it in a moment. But first tell me, what have you been doing while I was away?"

"Doing? Just watching television and waiting for you to come home!"

"Didn't see any other man while I was gone, did you?"

"Oh, Johnny! You're always so suspicious! Of course not, silly. There's no one else in my life but you, angel!"

"Fine," he said, handing her the box.

"I just wanted to hear it from your own lips, that's all. Now here's your present, dear little wife."

Opening the box eagerly, she took out a tiny oblong container with plastic buttons at one end. "What is it?"

"A midget tape recorder. Here, I'll show you how it works."

He pressed a switch. Two transistorized voices—a man's and a woman's—filled the room. The woman's voice was her own. The conversation was the kind rarely heard anywhere but in strictest privacy.

John Grant's wife stared at him, stunned. "You—you sneaky, rotten beast!" she gasped. "How did you get that recording?"

"It was made for me by my good friend Gary Beach, the man you were with, my dear."

"You—you put him up to it!" she spluttered, astounded. "You got your best friend to romance your own wife!"

"I've been suspicious of you for the whole year we've been married. But I couldn't prove anything because you were too." (Continued on page 52)

Once a year the sea boils with tuna and the fishermen of Favignana
gamble bloody death against a golden sea harvest in the fleeting,



Men set out to sea—for tuna, or another day of dismal failure.

■ **FOUR DOZEN** weather-burned men in four open boats wait quietly in the early morning mists as a steam-driven tug tows them in rope-linked line out to sea from the tiny Egadi group of islands west of Trapani, Sicily. It is four A.M. and cold on the water. The men shiver in their dirty old clothes, warmed only by the knowledge that in another hour they will be at the nets. With luck, they will make the long awaited *mattanza*—the tuna kill. They can return with full boats, or they can come home empty, frustrated by the sea, committed to another *mattanza* try on the following day, or the day after that, or every day until the season ends.

Each year the meaty, tasty, profit-filled tuna appear in vast schools off the shores of Sicily en route south on a mass spawning migration. Since the time of the ancient

exciting minutes of **FINNED
FURY**

PHOTOS BY
RENE BURRI
OF MAGNUM





Fleet commander uses small glass-bottomed boat to study underwater nets



Plenty of life still in these tough ones, and they won't quit flailing until gaffed and tossed onto barge.

Phoenicians, May or June has been the critical period for the temporary citizens of the Egadi Islands. In the year 1960 it is the same as it was in the year 960. Ceremonial songs are sung, a sea watch is posted for the arrival of the tuna, prayers are whis-

pered, an intricate system of net traps is laid into the sea.

Gian Battista Parodi, who owns the small fleet and the cannery on little Favignana Island, acquired his holdings in 1938 from descendants of the original developer, a states-

man of the 1800s named Vitorio Florio. Parodi preserves tradition by operating the firm under its original name, *Stabilimento Florio*, despite the fact that the end product is boiled tuna meat in modern tin cans. If there are (Continued on page 48)



Nets drawn tight, men with hooked poles haul in slithering sea giants worth many *lira* to cannery operator.

Tuna are sectioned for canning process as soon as the barges bring them in from the sea.





The Devil's trigger-finger, in the person of Anthony Dotti, blasted Anne Kenny and Domenick Megan to death.

■ HAVE you ever had an almost unconquerable desire to kill someone and thus eliminate some overwhelming stumbling block in your path? Criminologists who have made lifelong studies of the baser side of thousands of men and women in all

walks of life claim almost every human adult has at some time or other toyed with this idea: *murder*.

Last year some four thousand American humans of both sexes stopped toying and committed the deed. That, at least, is how many got

caught. An estimated ten thousand managed to escape arrest—in any case, they haven't yet been caught.

Why did they do it? Rage, jealousy, hatred, lover's quarrel, elimination of competition, are the top inspirations for what police call "ama-

Buried deep in every human is the ugly, vicious impulse called "the urge to kill." Here are true accounts of how any man may be triggered back into savagery if he suddenly finds himself stained with

The Mark of Cain

by J. HOYT CUMMING

PHOTOS BY U. P. I.

Teen-aged girl from Modena, Pennsylvania, Helen Moyer, was run down by a truck, raped, thrown into a well, and blown up by dynamite.

DECEMBER, 1960





French financier, Serge Stavisky, avoided fraud arrest by bullet.

teur" murders. Tracking down killers with these motives generally is simple, no matter how cleverly the deed was planned.

It's the professional killer who befuddles the gendarmes. He coldbloodedly liquidates his victims for money and leaves few or no clues as to his identity. He might be anybody.

But even the pros aren't always smart. A few strands of hair, a dropped handkerchief, fingerprints, unseen witnesses, and a dozen other unthought-of clues trap so many professionals that penitentiaries are crowded to the rafters with them.



Frank Balletti fought for his life against furious Florence Bartlett's savage butcher knife attack. Woman lost.

J. Edgar Hoover, the nation's top cop as head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, again and again has warned that murder does not pay and can prove it with cold facts. Hoover bemoans the tragedy that hot-blooded adults who lose control of their tempers won't heed these FBI figures of 1958, the latest official totals available: In that year 2,303 murderers were arrested by local cops in towns and cities of more than twenty-five hundred population. Another thousand were bagged by state cops or sheriffs in rural counties.

The FBI breakdown on ages of the killers in cities tells a story in itself. Of the 2,303 nabbed liquidators, only thirty-six wet-eared teen-agers of fifteen or younger are recorded. They just got mad at a pal or played cowboy with loaded guns.

Teen-agers from sixteen to twenty

who got caught numbered 281, mostly youngsters who bungled robberies or got entangled by overwhelming "love."

The boys (and a few girls) twenty-one to twenty-four totaled 276 and extinguished their victims for approximately the same reasons, with knives, guns, clubs, bricks or sometimes poisons. An added flavor of hatred and jealousy is listed as motive.

From twenty-five to twenty-nine the total of killers increases to 369 and from thirty to thirty-four adds up to 363. From ages thirty-five to thirty-nine apparently is a cooling off period. The total solved killings in the forty to forty-four group totals 231 and tapers off to 158 by killers forty-five to forty-nine years of age.

Apparently men and women over fifty don't spend much time plotting

the death of anybody—friend or foe. The total over that ripened age is 297.

All of which proves that the urge to kill isn't centered in any age group, beginning with school kids under fifteen and continuing to great grandfathers in their ninetys.

Neither is the gruesome act of destruction confined to men and women with little or no money. Millionaires get kill urges too. Serge Stavisky, French banker involved in a forty-million-dollar 1934 scandal, pulled the trigger on himself rather than stand investigation.

Outstanding among wealthy killers is the case of a suave, handsome, middle-aged and affluent Midwesterner who spiraled a few pennies into millions by applying his Midas touch to oil wells in Texas. This man spent most of

(Continued on page 76)

Bandit Richard Chamorro, New York, elected to shoot it out with store owner, and was cut down.



Love may have compelled Ira Schwartz to finish off Sandra Chick, and himself, with .22 bullets.



Scarlet Women of the Platte

**Men were moving West so
Madam Melinda led a wagon
train of painted women
across the plains to make
her "house" a homestead**

by HARLAND FLOURIE

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU FECK

■ IT STARTED when heavy black clouds piled thunder up above the far distant hills. It broke in the mightiest downpour any of them had ever seen. They cursed the land, they cursed themselves, they cursed the wind and the rain. The big canvas tarp, the only shelter over one of their two wagons, had been blown away by a tremendous gust. They were drenched to the skin, raw, miserable, straggly-haired, weeping. Wet clothes clinging tightly to the contours of their bodies revealed them for what they were: twenty-one well built pioneer prostitutes.

Melinda Young, buxom leader of the all-female wagon train, unbuttoned her dress with an expression of deep disgust on her pretty face. She shucked her mud-soddened clothes, kicked off both shoes, and tried to

**Cast out by good folk, girls were carried to
the opposite bank, set up wide-open sin town.**



Scarlet Women of the Platte

stow them in a dry spot underneath a wagon. Clad in lace-ruffled panties, Melinda set a free-striding, voluptuous example for the other girls. In a matter of seconds, all members of the trail party had stripped down to pantaloons, or less, to make walking easier. Had hostile Indians elected to raid at that moment, the nude nymphs would have unfeathered the redskins and sent them slinking home to their squaws, far less noble than before.

They had acquired one wagon and most of the equipment, in three days and three nights, from a lonely farmer whose cabin they had chanced upon along the trail leading out of Kearney, Nebraska. They could have acquired the farmer, too—after Melinda and her charmers, the farm had nothing to offer the man. But Melinda drew the line. She didn't want any of her troupe loused up with a man until they got to where girls were worth their weight in glittering gold to men with a glitter in their eyes. That was Great Falls, Montana, Melinda said.

She had made it sound simple when they started, but none of the girls had the kind of experience which cautioned them against heading for Montana by way of Nebraska and the Platte. The prospect of hiking along the passes of the Tetons and wandering about the main crest of the Rockies didn't discourage them. Residents of the central Mississippi Valley—born and bred within spitting distance of Cairo, Illinois—mountains to them were something found only in geography books, and Melinda's kind had rarely cracked the covers of a book.

Melinda Young was a shrewd woman. Just a month or two over twenty-one, possessed of a ripely curved figure and intriguing gray eyes, she was even more ambitious than she was amoral, which is saying a lot considering that since the age of fourteen she had worked as a river town prostitute. Melinda was bold, and so was her scheme.

The War between the States was over now and America was moving west. Even more important, the railroads were going west, mile by mile

toward and over the Divide to the Pacific shore. News filtered back slowly but the word that did arrive was, from Melinda's point of view, all good. Girls not half as comely as she was were literally coining fortunes in the wild joints of Cheyenne and Laramie, collecting almost any sum they demanded from the woman-hungry railroaders spiking down the tracks along the northern route.

Melinda Young was a born organizer. Wandering along the Cairo waterfront, she persuaded some twenty hot numbers of her acquaintance to pool resources—fleshy and financial—and head west, where the deer, the antelope and the money play. The destination she picked was the township known as Great Falls, Montana, through which the Great Northern Railroad was racing the Northern Pacific toward the bonanzas of Washington, Oregon, and the north Pacific Coast.

"It'll be easy," she kept repeating to every girl she met. "It's not half as rough a trip as it used to be. We can go almost half way by train, along the Union Pacific as far as Cheyenne, and from there it's only a short way north."

For twenty-one very sexy reasons, things went wrong—a lot of things.

Somewhere west of Grand Island, Nebraska, the girls struck up an acquaintance with a whiskey salesman and a faro dealer, hardly a compatible pair. By the time the train rolled into Kearney they had witnessed a small war. The railroad car had successfully withstood a first-class fire, the whiskey salesman was thoroughly deflated, punctured by six neat holes through his head and chest, the faro dealer was safely in irons awaiting trial for arson and murder, and the girls were stood up by the side of the track watching their transportation belch smoke over the horizon. De-trained, because the men had fought over them. And unable to hook on with a wagon train because trail bosses feared the same thing would happen again.

They might have stayed in Kearney. Certainly, as material witnesses

to murder they would have been entitled to food and board, at the expense of the state of Nebraska, until trial time. Neither Melinda nor any of her shapely cohorts relished this prospect. They bought a small wagon and got out of town fast, and they kept going. Swept over the Phelps County farmer, swept across the Platte with his uncovered wagon, swept through a case of eastern alcoholic brew, courtesy of the uncontested estate of their late friend, the whiskey salesman.

The sheriff back in Kearney had by this time requested other officers of the law to help him locate his witnesses. A murder prosecution was at stake. The girls didn't actually *know* that they were wanted, but they weren't taking any chances. They avoided all large towns with telegraph stations, conducting what "business" they had to do in the lesser ones. All the main settlements for some unknown reason—could it have been the railroad?—lay on the north bank. So the girls traveled the south side and ran into unforeseen trouble.

They earned enough money to buy a large tent, a cover for one wagon as protection against the rain, and a few other essentials as they moved slowly and inevitably westward in the path of the great river. They passed the city of North Platte during a heavy rainstorm. This was unfortunate since they never noticed that the river divided here. Keeping steadily to the south bank, it was natural that they followed the south fork. A few hours later the North Platte was only a will-o-the-whisp in the distance. They were heading southwest, toward Colorado and Denver.

It was about eighty miles from North Platte to the Colorado border, but longer by river. And the girls, the rankest amateurs when it came to travel, followed every bend and turn. They dared not let the water out of their sight. Across the river was a set of railroad tracks which they mistakenly thought would lead to Cheyenne, their jumping off point. "It will be easier when we leave Nebraska," (*Continued on page 62*)

Girl for December

(or any other month)

■ Toni Meade believes that honesty is the best policy and claims she can spot a fraud, a phony or a "line"—two city blocks away. She lays it right on the line, herself: she is twenty-four (and has the birth certificate to prove it) but when she is forty-four she insists there will be forty-four candles flaming on her party cake. No false vanity here. Other statistics furnished by the congenial blonde seem to have an Honest Abe ring of truth to them—in the usual order, 37-22-35. Doubtters need not write to the Bureau of Vital Statistics at Omaha, Nebraska—Toni's birthplace—to confirm these facts.

PHOTO BY WENDY MCLEN, STYLING





Girl for December

All that is necessary is a quick gander at this and the following few pages.

A gal with such deadly seriousness of purpose, and such a dogmatic viewpoint toward honesty, might at first impression seem somewhat on the dull side. Not Toni. Mention baseball and her hazel eyes glow like a guy who has just hit his first home run after twenty years in the game. She probably won't need a scorecard to find out who's on first, and she isn't apt to ask you—during a tense rally—whether the man in the white uniform shouting “Hot dog” is a paid professional hometown cheer-leader.

Besides being photogenic, Toni is a live





wire on the badminton court. This is her racquet and any male conceited enough to think he can drub Toni at the game will most likely end up getting the bird from her—but sizzling fast.

In other moments, and in different mood, Toni is an enthusiastic jazz fan—but honest jazz, man, honest. On her flip side, Toni is a serious student of current events. This world is where she lives, and she likes to know what's going on in it.

Toni Meade shapes up as 116 pounds, 5 feet 5½ inches of sensible, interesting young lady, a genuine person who merits honest respect. She's modeling now, but the consensus of opinion is she will before long be in the flickers (Hollywood, man, Hollywood).



DECEMBER, 1960





KISS ME AND DIE

WHEN VIOLET DID HER STRIPTEASE, ONLY A BLACKJACK COULD DULL THE GLEAM IN THE EYES OF HER OGLING ADMIRERS. AND, ONCE BEWITCHED BY IT, THIS BEAUTY WAS SOMETIMES THE LAST THING MEN EVER SAW!

by **HIRAM J. HERBERT**

ILLUSTRATED BY NORM SAUNDERS

■ RICHMOND police had no specific idea who the hellcat was. They knew only what had been

blurted by mauled, upset, and red-faced men who had come to headquarters where they displayed the physical appearance of having tangled with a clawed windmill. The wild one had taken money and everything else of value a man's pocket could hold or a wrist or finger could sport. She had stripped them clean and left them cold after promising paradise in the back seat of a car.

"Describe this hot number," Detective Captain Orris D. Garton asked the shamed young men who came in a

(Continued on page 72)



Killer knew, in the end, girl used him.

If the girl was extraordinary, so was the manner in which her accomplice used his knife.





They sell curb-service sin in

HONKY-

Out of air-raid ruin, a European city
comes alive with neon glare and bombshell
blondes. When the lights grow dim, the
belles peel—and no man runs for cover

Hamburg's

TONK



Hamburg offers international flavor but only one spice: sex.

TOWN

by CYRUS W. BELL

PHOTOS BY P. I. P.

■ THE roll of drums brought on a dimming of lights as a young and sexy blonde waltzed out on stage with her stunning anatomical equipment unhidden by a wispy, transparent evening gown. The man at the microphone introduced her as Greta the Great. After another rumble of drums, a clash of cymbals and a fanfare of brassy horns, Greta struck a suggestive, come-hither pose, and sinuously demonstrated what she was great at.

"Those tickets we distributed a few moments ago," explained the master of ceremonies in his guttural voice, "are your lottery stubs. Hold onto these numbers. The Striptease Lottery is about to begin."

Lifting up a top-hat full of stubs, the man held it expectantly as the rouged fraulein, still gyrating her hips, reached daintily to pull out a slip.

"Twenty-three," she shrilled, her eyes scanning the crowd. Over on the far side a British seaman jumped up and bellowed, "Blimey! That's me—that's my number!"



Pretty girls along the Reeperbahn flash alluring smiles at passing males, who do much more than windowshop.



Candidates for striptease stardom take it off in bump battles while nightclubbers judge contests.



Another joint may feature a variety of dance acts or a beauty contest with nudes from every nation.

HONKY-TONK TOWN

"*Mein lieber Freund*," announced the M.C., "you are the winner of Greta's dress."

Another fanfare filled the room as the holder of the lucky ticket wended his way past the crazy-quilt tables filled with beer-guzzling patrons. Though somewhat tipsy, he managed to reach the platform in good style, there to carry out his "award" by removing the lady's first garment.

The Englishman, trying hard to be a good sport and a jolly reveler, was all thumbs as he attempted to undress Greta the Great. Her gown had a long row of buttons all the way down the back, and while he fumbled with them, Greta wriggled and twisted and wriggled some more, throwing in an occasional bump for good measure.

"Stop, you are tickling me," the Great One laughed. And the audience roared with her. "That's no way to undress a girl. You must be more romantic. You must face me and hold your arms around me, like so!"

In a lithe movement, she planted the Briton squarely in front of her and drew him to her tape-measure bosom. The poor salt was still trying desperately to undo her buttons while

Greta blew into his ear, tickled him with her nose, kissed him on the forehead, cheeks, and mouth. All this was accompanied to the hoots and howls of the good-natured crowd. The seaman, blushing profusely, finally unclasped the gown and Greta flicked it off with a swift movement. More lusty cheers. Greta kissed him with intense concentration and sent him reeling back to his seat.

Demurely, she selected another number. "Forty-three!" she sang out.

This time a German businessman, fat and fifty—and somewhat frightened—waddled up to the stage and nervously took off Greta's shoes. "Number Twenty!" she called, and an American student on a holiday removed her long stockings. Greta was now down to G-string and bra.

The fellow who won the bra award—Number Ninety-four—gave a whoop and a holler *a la* Dallas, Texas, as he galloped up front to un-bare the waiting young woman. But his hands were too shaky as he tried to undo the deliberately complicated double clasp of the paper-thin brassiere. The shapely fraulein laughed with amusement (Continued on page 78)

Mud plus women wrestlers is a main attraction at several clubs along the street of sin. And the girls can wrestle.



Until he saw with his own eyes, he refused to believe a United Nations report—40,000 girls to be kidnaped this year in Europe and Africa and marched across the Sahara for sale to wealthy Arabian harem owners!

by VITO CHIANA ■ THE faces of the girl secretaries in the large office tightened with the look of fear which most of us outside the law learn to ignore. Even in Paris my tight-fitting striped suit, dark hair, rough face, and slight hump in the armpit area added up to Sicilian mobster—Mafia, all things evil. Particularly in this office, that of Madame Legrand-Falco, president of the French Women's League Against White Slavery. My name is Vito

I Saw the Slave Girl Market

Chiana. I am twenty-six years of age and the Italian *carabinieri* has already sent me to prison twice, each time for a six-month period, each time for murderous assault. This happened seven years ago when I was young, newly strong, eager to test my toughness in the Sicilian underworld. Afterward I worked as a farmhand, as they say in America—went straight. In January, 1959, I entered the office of Madame Legrand-Falco, carrying a letter from the *carabinieri* in Palermo, and wearing under my coat a .38 caliber Beretta automatic.

Scilla Chiana, my sister, disappeared without trace on December 11, 1958. The deathbed request of my father, Salvator, was that I find Scilla, so I was committed by word of honor to the discouraging and hopeless search (Continued on page 68)





Master of Murder Castle

Dollar for dollar, corpse for corpse, Holmes might have become America's most successful lady killer—if one pretty doll hadn't talked out of turn and exposed the most shocking mass murderer in history

■ THE Chicago police broke into the fantastic building on the corner of Sixty-third and Wallace Streets too late. It was the scene of the most prodigious mass dirty work this country has ever known: officers found a death den in which more than twenty young girls—and several men—had been murdered.

For days the cops ranged over the place, and what they found made them sick. Aside from documentary evidence to prove wholesale murder, there were plenty of other grisly signposts. Gas pipes, with controls on the outside, led to some of the castle's windowless rooms; its victims apparently had been asphyxiated while they slept. The furnace in the cellar bore remnants of human flesh, as did a coffin-like vat, which contained a consuming acid. Skulls were unearthed from the dirt floor; and it was later established that the master of the castle had sold the skeletons of several of his victims. He had also gone into commerce with other by-products of the murder factory, namely, the hair (Continued on page 80)

by **LEWIS THOMPSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY SHANNON STIRNWEIS

The hotel was exclusively for girl guests, who were much easier to kill.







SEA KILL

Sixteen feet of glistening monster crashed against our dinghy. The skipper's .45 seemed like a kid's toy.

A millionaire's missing yacht—a bullet-riddled empty seaplane—a human arm . . . added up to trackless murder as the skipper of Patrol Boat 999 took on the sea's most fantastic double murder mystery

■ WE of the Coast Guard Patrol Boat 999 were a happy crew. In Lieutenant Kane we had an ideal officer in charge, for he possessed the happy talent of commanding respect without provoking resentment. We were glad to carry out his orders, content to serve under him.

"What you birds do ashore is your own business," Kane told us once, expressing his philosophy of command. "What you do aboard is mine. That's the way it'll be. We can make this boat a heaven or a hell."

We made it a sailorman's heaven. Kane was considered somewhat too lenient by other patrol boat skippers, but none could dispute the fact that he got the most from his crew.

In Key West we berthed at one of the small finger piers in the one-time Submarine Basin of the Navy Yard. Before going on liberty we were obliged to

(Continued on page 58)



by HAROLD WATERS and A. WISBERG



Cutters find the sea south of Florida a trouble zone.



FINNED FURY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

many tuna in the nets, and the fish are running to size, Parodi will make as much as fifty thousand American dollars this day. Of he may lose three to four hundred dollars in daily expenses.

Far more is at stake than mere money. Here is the eternal struggle between man and nature; the honor of the firm, the fleet commander, and the individual is on the line. The fleet commander shoulders great responsibility. He is a stern-faced, stocky man in tweed jacket and black cap called Rais who rides in one of the two small boats. A month before, in April, Rais planned, prepared, and positioned the complicated network which forms the *tonnara*: a mile and a half underwater "tunnel" of nets designed to turn the giant tuna around and around and slowly draw them beyond the barriers into the net chambers from which there is little hope of escape. His boat has a wide glass window in its bottom. When at the nets, Rais will peer through this window into the clear blue water, study the *tonniara*, count the number of entrapped fish, give or not give the order for *mattanza*.

At five o'clock they are in position. The commander signals the tug captain to cut adrift the two big boats, the *vascellos*. The pair of dories, crewed by sturdy oarsmen, carefully nudge the open barge-like *vascellos* into position on either side of the rectangle formed by the underwater net chambers. Anchors are dropped.

One dory begins to make slow circles between the barges. Kneeling in this boat is Rais, peering through the window, trying to glimpse and count the streaking, shadowy forms of his quarry. He sees tunafish circling and turning, some in the tunnels, some in the chambers. On one *vascello* the men stand in line, silent, fingers hooked into the top of a net which, once jerked up, shuts off the

main chamber from all tunnels, closes the lone avenue of escape.

Rais gets to his feet and waves his arms. Somberly. He has seen only a few tuna. They must wait.

By noon the tuna have not appeared. It seems that this year the fish has lost the romantic drive which compels it to seek its private spawning grounds. The boatmen are depressed.

Rais stands up, drops on all fours above the glass window in his dory bottom. He waves, with excited motions. Below, a dark, slithery mass of scurrying forms has appeared in the net tunnels. Tuna! Crowding, jamming, toward the traps by the hundred!

Tense fingers grip the trapdoor net as the men again line the deck of the barge. Rais raises an arm, drops it, shouts: "*Mattanza! Mattanza!*"

Hard-muscled backs strain against the weight of the net, heaving upward. A ceremonial song, used more for rhythmic coordination among the men than for purposes of superstition, breaks the morning-long silence. "*Aja mola, aja mola! Jan-tzo, jan-tzo! San Petru pescaturi!*"

It is a mixture of Sicilian and Arabic words the meanings of which have grown obscure even to the fishermen of Favignana. But they sing, and they haul on the net, and in a moment Rais—peering through his wet window—signals that the trapdoor is in position. The tuna are caught!

Swiftly, expertly, the two dories skim to each end of the rectangle, completing it by anchoring crosswise between the two heavy barges. Men on the barges and in the dories reach down with long wood gaffing staffs and draw up ropes attached to the net floor of the main chamber which have been kept above surface by corked bottles. These ropes are tightly pulled to the surface until the fishermen feel the weight hard on their backs and shoulders and know

that the catch is a big one. Fingers clawing now into the slack of the floor net itself, they begin the actual *mattanza*, the kill.

"*Aja mola, aja mola! Jan-tzo, jan-tzo!*"

Hand over hand, they haul in the net. The sea within the closed-off rectangle begins to seethe. Huge fins break out of water; silvery bodies flash up in the sun, crash down. The sea boils white with foam. Fish hurl themselves savagely at the walls of the net, flop back, hurl themselves again.

Now the net has been hauled to the highest point man can bring it. So it is fastened to the boats and the fishermen reach for their hooked poles. A tuna is gaffed; one, two, three, four poles sink into the fish. Eight men strain on the poles, haul the hefty tuna aboard, duck respectfully as the wildly thrashing tail menaces them. The fish is flung behind them, into the flat-bottomed deck hold of the barge, where in a matter of a few moments it will die.

Other tuna are hooked and other battles between man and fish end with the inevitable defeat of the fish. Salt-water spray splatters the men, their clothes soak red with blood, their breath comes in loud gasps, they are beyond speech capability.

The primitive struggle wages on, seemingly endless, but there comes a moment when the water is calm, when no fins or foam are seen. For a few seconds the men seem paralyzed, uncomprehending. Then hands steal to caps, and bareheaded, the fishermen pray.

Afterward the men jump into the sea, onto the raised net, and wallowing gleefully wash the blood from themselves and their work clothes. Back aboard the boats, they carefully lower the net to the floor of the main trap chamber, and turn toward home, Favignana Island. By the time they arrive, the men on the barges have totaled up a catch of two hundred and eighty-six huge tuna. Gian Battista Parodi greets the fishermen with a congratulatory smile and a promise of a bonus.

Even as the tunafish are unloaded, cut, boiled, and canned, the hardy fishermen are putting out to sea again—a lone dory is sent to begin a new death watch. More tuna could be coming this way. There is high hope for a second *mattanza*. ■



The BIG FAT FLAME

by Harry Mayer

As told to him by

Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

Award as Philadelphia's most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pride of the Marines) Schmid. He was one of the first to personally pilot Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter; he started the climb up to the brain brass, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was only through reading a newspaper file that I learned of the Colonel's outstanding combat record!)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a

We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

The cabbie pointed with his cigarette to the car in front, "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us — a shiny 1960 model — had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he piled out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Startled, I turned to my companion. "Colonel," I demanded, "is this a plant?" He stared back at me, then he got it and he began to laugh. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, roaring as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The Colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject — spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Dollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run without spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the Colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose, — the war maybe? — and he smiled and said no, just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was a star fullback at St Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as a pilot immediately after he got his degree as an engineer. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero



"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 20 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force knew this only too well. The Naval Bureau of Aeronautics cooperated with me by undertaking extensive, expensive testing to replace obsolete spark plugs with this new efficient type of fuel ignition. We were successful with the LS-702—the aircraft predecessor of the present Lectra Fuel Igniter for automobiles. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs" . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, USAF Res. from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago,

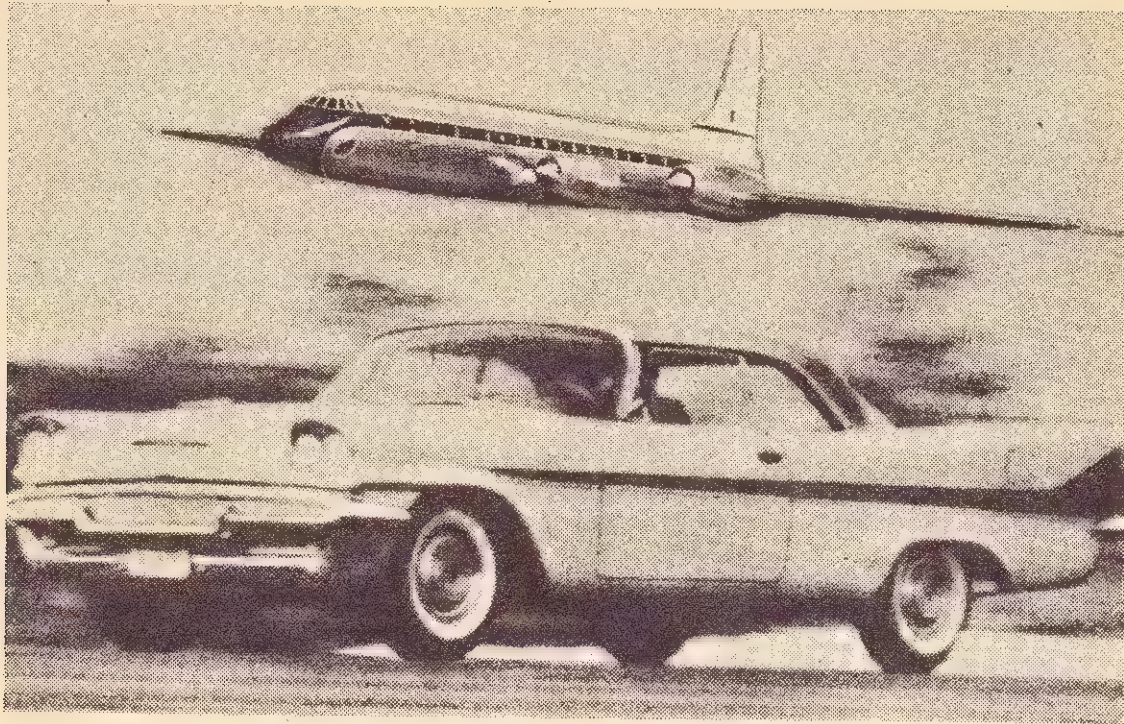
January 8, 1958.

task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim incident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had gone through murderous enemy fire, never made it to his safe hut a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low — no engine power to get the plane up quickly — and the trees that lay just short of the runway caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. . . . After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure and other non-combat accidents than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things —and accept them. . . . But Dollenberg couldn't accept it. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?", I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs? And that in principle they haven't been changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000 horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help Grandpa toot around the square on a Sunday afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hadn't been an easy journey. Apathy, defeatism—a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joyride. Dollenberg spent long hours off duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returning to a young wife and family the Colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had

(continued on next page)



begun to smart under the irritating competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was — with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the anachronism of modern engines — the spark plug. Starting again from scratch, he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force in the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, a big, fat flame!"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire — a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an air gap — .025 to .035 of an inch — and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large! Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then ruining, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger — and enormous expense — of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap — which contained no wire electrodes — whose tip would not foul — which would not blow out even at the highest compressions . . . which would never need a replacement for the life of the engine.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle — fine! Let's see it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. . . . Out went the spark plugs. His LS-702 Prototype was approved for U. S. Navy high-compression engine use.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story — the revolutionary change that a former fighter pilot had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dollenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to more than 300. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1960 Americans paid more than 500 million dollars merely to replace wornout spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and then super-super gas — at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year — they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dollenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the Aircraft igniter to the same size and shape as the conventional automobile spark plug it was to replace. And big ones such as getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dollenberg was helped by the shrewdness of fleet operators

whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit—and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the Lectra Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dollenberg about the Lectra advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner \$100 a year or that you will take back the igniters and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of from \$10 to \$12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will never have to be cleaned or replaced! I mean that we guarantee that it will outlast the life of any car! Not only that: we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to 6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas purchased the first year and every year—or we will replace them free until they do. That's a saving of \$40 per year. And it will do this using regular gas—economy gas—not the super gas bought at such walloping prices. That means a saving of \$50 each year. And the igniters will do this every year of the car's life — they improve with age. They never wear out!"

As Dollenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the bottom of this page.

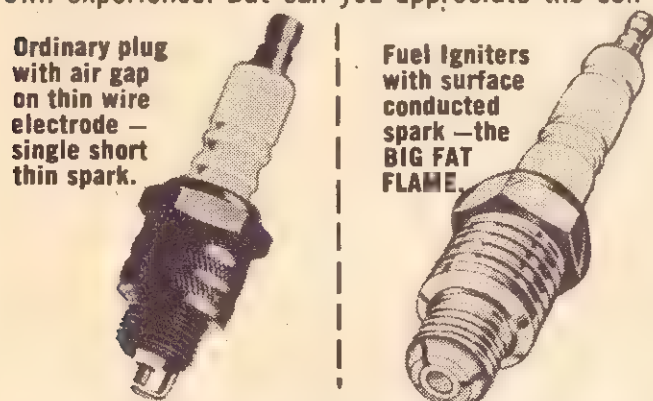
I said to Dollenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how will I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniters?"

The Colonel twinkled at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway — very seriously — please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the Igniters (very simple — by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb and an immediate even roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your engine kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for stalling in traffic, like that fellow did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the Igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can and does falter on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
Cleaning } Gapping } Replacing }	several times a year	never	\$10 per year
Gas Consumption	600 gallons	465 gallons	\$40 per year
Additional cost of premium gas	\$50 a year	not a cent	\$50 per year
		TOTAL SAVINGS =	\$100 per year

swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaking with unused gasoline. Then try it with Igniters replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas burned instead of escaping through the exhaust. Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car, go into gear — or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how much the car moves forward—if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and replace the Igniters. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the Igniters while not touching the gas pedal! The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with Igniters in the engine! One more final thing—with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the con-



cept of never, never having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming permanent installations in your engine — for the life of your engine?

"Yet, with all this — believe it or not — I still haven't fully answered your question . . . How you'll use more air and less gas . . . the savings on your battery . . . increased RPM . . . how carbon — the enemy of spark plugs — actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as out-dated. Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question: What about Detroit, Col. Dollenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dollenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said: "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers. Oh, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these giants will all scrap their investments in the obsolete spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile — to put it quite candidly — there is, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate and while the big fellows are attempting to unload, LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said: "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be big enough to take care of ourselves shortly."

I got up to go, convinced that Dollenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago, LECTRA ran a mail order advertisement in the sober New York Times. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the New York Times. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises — and if you don't send my money back if they don't

perform as you say — I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennman was sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because — and here was the kicker — **Uncle is a LECTRA customer!** Many military installations have field-tested the Fuel Igniter. As a result of these field tests, many thousand Fuel Igniters have been purchased by these government units.

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dollenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been presented both as an advertisement for the Lectra Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially do I wish to emphasize the words **public service**. It is flattering to be imitated, it is said, but since the invention of the Lectra Fuel Igniter, there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised.

We state, flatly and sincerely, that we can back every claim that appears in Mr. Mayer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows: The fuel consumption figures in this chart are compiled from extensive field tests by industrial and private users.

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS NOTE—All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS

(compiled from survey reports and field tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1956	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1959	Oldsmobile	17.1	20.3	18.7%	3.2
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1958	Pontiac	15.6	19.1	22.4%	3.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1958	Chevrolet	16.9	23.8	40.8%	6.9
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

Nothing is as exacting—as compromising—as cold statistics. In the final analysis, nothing will prove to you the extraordinary benefits of the Lectra Fuel Igniter as its performance in your own automobile.

Therefore we guarantee (and stake our reputation and our business on this guarantee): That Lectra Fuel Igniters must be everything we say they are, everything we have led you to expect. They must make your car perform as you never thought it would and on regular gas. You must **IN YOUR OWN JUDGMENT** get easier starting, faster pick-up, improved economy (to conform to the table above) or you can return them within 10 days and get back every cent you paid—without question and without delay. What's more — they must continue to function properly for the life of your car or they will be replaced until they do.

We've taken a lot of your time in presenting our story. Now there's nothing else to say; the rest is up to our Fuel Igniter. If you want to try them (bear in mind our guarantee) they will be rushed to you as soon as we receive your order. For your convenience we are adding a coupon to the bottom of this page. If you'll fill it out and mail it I can promise you the most exciting automobile experience you've ever known.

Sincerely,

Leo P. Dollenberg
Lectra Fuel Igniter Co.

Lectra Fuel Igniter Co., Dept. GM-27
11 East 47 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush my Lectra Fuel Igniters by return mail on your money-back guarantee.

- ☐ I enclose \$12.60 for 6 Igniters
☐ I enclose \$16.80 for 8 Igniters
☐ I enclose \$..... for Igniters at \$2.10 each
☐ Send Igniters C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman balance on delivery plus shipping charges.

My car is year make model
 no. of cylinders

Name
 Address
 City Zone State



REALLY FAITHFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

clever. So I set up this test with Gary. You flunked it, my dear. I think the judge is going to give you a bad mark in divorce court when he hears this evidence!"

He got his divorce, too, with no alimony judgment against him, despite his wife's defense that he had framed her.

Nothing shatters a man like the dark suspicion that his wife is betraying him with another man. It is the one stab in the back he can almost never forgive—even when he himself has been guilty of infidelity. And statistics show that a large proportion of American husbands are, indeed, taken for fools.

Kinsey reveals that among wives in his famous study, about one in four were unfaithful before age forty. He also points out that fifty-one per cent of the divorced males in his study blamed the wives' cheating, and another thirty-two per cent said this had been an important factor in the divorce. Kinsey declared, "Like the true mammal that he is, the male shows himself more disturbed and jealous, and more ready to take drastic action, if he discovers that his wife is having extra-marital relations."

Worrying on this account has cost a number of men their jobs.

Many husbands torture themselves with doubt. They can't concentrate on work or play because of the nagging question that won't let them alone: "Does she cheat or doesn't she?" The same worry frequently harasses the bachelor who keeps a mistress. Engaged men, too, sometimes suspect that a fiancée may be having herself a last fling before settling down as a married woman.

Unless a wife confesses herself, or is caught red-handed in the act by her husband or his agent, he needs a chain of strong circumstantial evidence before he has the right to consider her unfaithful. If he can put ten or fifteen damning bits of evidence together, all pointing to dis-

loyalty, he may have good reason to hire a private detective.

The man who's married to a frigid wife has more reason to be suspicious than the man whose wife is romantic. "Frigid wives often become unfaithful," points out Dr. Frank S. Caprio, Washington psychiatrist, "because they hope to find their ideal sexual partner." They rarely do, but that doesn't stop them from trying. Some frigid wives make a dozen attempts, with as many men, before they recognize that the fault lies within themselves, and not with the man they married.

A HUSBAND'S knowledge of his wife's past is part of a chain of evidence. If she'd had affairs with other men before marriage, she is more likely than the virgin bride to commit adultery. Kinsey found that almost one in three such wives were unfaithful, compared to only thirteen per cent of wives who had spurned romance before the day of orange blossoms.

Even when a wife openly admits to having dated or dined with an old boy friend, her husband has good reason to wonder how innocent this reunion may have been. This was especially true in the case of Thomas Gerard—a pseudonym, like other names used in this article.

At twenty-six he had fallen in love with Marjorie, who was already engaged to be married to Giff Murphy. Gerard wooed her vigorously, with the result that Marjorie surrendered to him while she tried to make up her mind between her suitors. She finally broke off with Murphy and married Gerard.

Soon afterward she began to pay week-end visits to her home town, visiting her folks and old friends. Once she admitted having "run into" Giff Murphy, who had taken her out for an evening of dinner and dancing. "I knew you wouldn't mind, darling," she purred. "And I do owe poor Giff that much."

The second time this happened, Gerard blew his top. He accused her of having an affair with Murphy. She gasped. How dare he suggest a thing like that? He reminded her that her code of morality had permitted her to date *him* while she was still pledged to Murphy. Was it too outlandish to suggest that she was now reversing the procedure?

"You ungrateful beast!" she gasped. She stormed out of the room, a picture of such outraged innocence that Gerard felt ashamed of his suspicions. He tried to forget the whole matter. Marjorie continued to make week-end visits to her home town. Until one night a state policeman arrested her and Giff Murphy for indecent behavior while parked in a state park.

Gerard got his divorce without the least bit of trouble.

When a wife persistently lies about what she did in time spent away from home, her husband may justifiably regard this as another link in the chain of evidence pointing to infidelity. Especially if, when he confronts her with proof that she is lying, she can only offer a lame and unconvincing explanation.

A husband has reason to feel uneasy if his wife receives mysterious phone calls, which she answers cryptically, or receives letters which she hides or carefully destroys. But he had better tread easily on just this much evidence alone. Wives have been known to resort to such devices to arouse jealousy. A wife would have to be extremely careless or foolish to permit any lovers to communicate with her at home, certainly at such times as she expected her husband to be there.

Another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence is a husband's observation of how his wife behaves with other men at parties and dances. Is she frankly flirtatious with other men?

A wife at a party shouldn't be expected to behave like Whistler's mother. But neither should she give her husband the impression that she's a party girl out on a tear. Unless she can't help herself because that's exactly what she is.

Another link in the chain of evidence might be a wife's refusal to defer going out while her husband is away on business. Isabel Gates told her husband Bob, "I'm sorry,

TURN YOUR HANDS, FINGERS, ELBOWS & FEET
INTO SUPER WEAPONS!

WITH EASY
TO LEARN

KARATE

QUICKER, BETTER
THAN JUDO!

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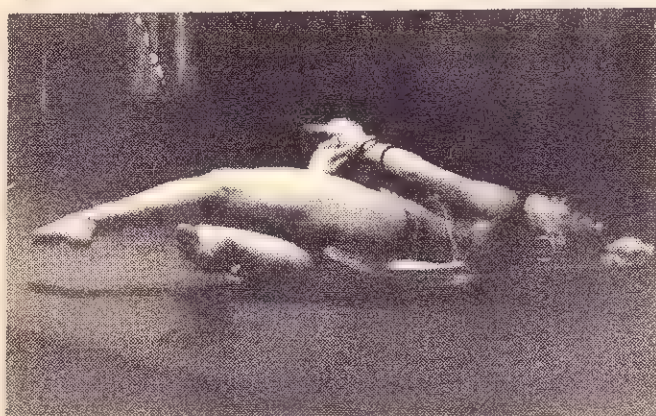
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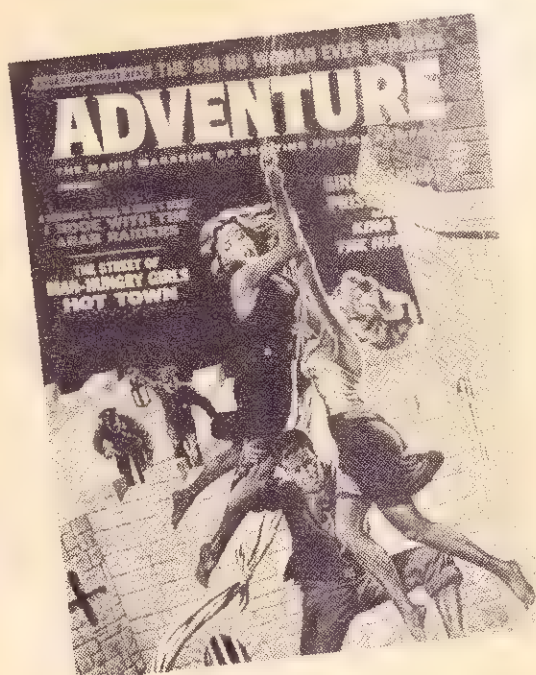
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darling, but I simply cannot bear to be lonely. So I am going to go out socially while you're out on those inspection trips. But you won't have to worry about me. I'll be properly chaperoned every time. Noah has offered to be my escort."

Noah was Bob Gates's best friend, but a bachelor. Gates, worried, expressed doubts about the wisdom of the idea. Isabel scoffed, "Oh, for Pete's sake, darling, don't you trust me? You know Noah's nothing more to me than a comfortable old shoe. Wouldn't you feel better knowing he's in charge of me, than some strange man you didn't know at all?"

Gates sighed and agreed, feeling he had better settle for that. But he became increasingly concerned, each time he returned from a trip, when Isabel grew more and more vague about her social activities with Noah. His nerves frayed, he finally insisted that she stop seeing Noah while he was away. She refused, telling him that he was free to date, too, on his trips.

Furious, Gates had a showdown with his friend. Noah admitted miserably that Isabel had stayed at his apartment several times. "But don't blame her, Bob," he pleaded. "It was really all my fault. She only did it because she felt sorry for me. It didn't really mean a thing to her at all!"

But it meant plenty to Bob Gates, who a short time later was awarded a divorce decree, and custody of his two children, by the state of New York.

Kinsey points out that such cases are not unusual. "In some instances," his report on women states, "the extra-marital affair had been accepted as an accommodation to a respected friend, even though the female herself was not particularly interested in the relationship."

Another cause for suspicion might be a wife's job, if she works late and stays overnight at a hotel, or goes away with her boss on week-end business trips, despite her husband's objections. Such a wife may hotly defend her right to hold such a job, and her right to be trusted away from home. A husband who knuckles under can only blame himself for any consequences.

Does a wife receive suspicious gifts? Is she in possession of sums of money for which her explanations are dubious?

One wife, whose husband made only a hundred dollars a week, was able to wear diamond jewelry and expensive clothing. She explained to her husband that she was on a special list of practical nurses, available for emergencies, but only to wealthy patients. She was so efficient and pleasant at her job that her grateful patients often presented her with fat cash bonuses and expensive gifts.

She talked at great length about her patients, giving all kinds of details about her experiences with them. It was all very persuasive and convincing. Except that her husband was no fool. He knew that no one was tighter with a tip to service personnel than the rich. Except for certain special services.

He went to the expense of hiring a private detective to shadow his wife for one week. The evidence collected confirmed his suspicions beyond the shadow of a doubt. He didn't bother getting a divorce. He just walked out, leaving his curvaceous wife to her career of "nursing" emergencies.

A husband cannot discount gossip. It is true that there are an awful lot of busybodies in the world who get malicious enjoyment out of slicing reputations to fine shreds. Much of their prattle is exaggeration, distortion and often pure invention. But however unreliable gossip is, it cannot be totally ignored by the husband already suspicious of his wife. It is at least another straw showing how the wind is blowing.

An unfaithful wife also has reason to be eager for separate vacations. Kinsey points out that many wives concentrate their acts of infidelity during one or two weeks of summer vacation, while traveling or staying at a hotel, summer resort or friend's house. If a wife is extremely reluctant to share her vacation with her husband, planned infidelity might be the reason.

A husband's own sexual disloyalty may logically lead him to suspect that his wife is paying him back in his own coin. There is a greater likelihood of this if she knows about, or suspects, his own infidelity. Added to other clues, her motive of "getting even" would be all the reason necessary.

Perhaps the most damning bit of evidence a husband can have is his wife's pregnancy, when they have been separated for over nine months.

Most courts will accept this as prima facie evidence, especially if the husband can prove he has been out of the country during this time. But even such evidence will not stop some wives from denying guilt.

In the London Divorce Court recently, Stephen Joyce sued for divorce on grounds of his wife's adultery with one Herbert Martin, with whom she canvassed on behalf of a religious sect. Joyce proved that he had not seen his wife since 1956, yet in 1958, two years later, she gave birth to a son. She denied adultery, although she admitted that the baby was not her husband's.

"My child," she told Mr. Justice Hewson, "was conceived between the astral bodies of Mr. Martin and myself in 1945, eleven years before we actually met." The judge considered this quite a trick—but decided to risk punishment by the mysterious astral deities for awarding Stephen Joyce a down-to-earth divorce.

A husband especially has to be cautious about any spying activities he undertakes to test his wife's virtue. If he pretends to leave for a week on a business trip, and then sneaks back into their home unexpectedly two days later at three A.M., he may indeed discover another man in his bedroom.

On the other hand, he may find nothing except an outraged wife who won't swallow his weak excuse about the trip suddenly being cut short, without time to phone ahead.

It's a major error for every husband to think "you can't trust a woman!" There are women and women. It's true that a large number of wives are unfaithful. But they are actually outnumbered by the seventy-five per cent of wives who are loyal. Every husband owes it to his wife to consider her absolutely innocent, until and unless he has a chain of suspicious evidence that would make any reasonable, fair-minded man alert.

"Many times," cautions Dr. Frank S. Caprio, the Washington psychiatrist, "it is the wife who will say, 'My husband accused me of being unfaithful for years when I wasn't. So out of desperation, I actually did become unfaithful and it serves him right. He never would believe me when I told him the truth!'"

Don't let an unfaithful wife make a fool out of you. But don't be a fool and make a good wife unfaithful! ■



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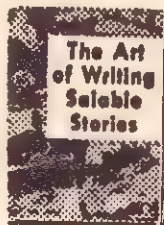
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SEA KILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

leave word of our probable whereabouts with the man whose duty it was to remain aboard. (This watch fell to each once in eight days.)

One evening Lieutenant Lane and I were having dinner at a small cafe on Green Street, frequently patronized by our crew, when a young man of our acquaintance idly sauntered by with an unimportant tidbit of information concerning his sea-faring intentions.

"I'm shoving off for Dry Tortugas at midnight," Dennis Clayton said. "Guess that should get me there at daybreak, shouldn't it? Understand the fishing's swell down that way."

Our uninvited confidant was one with whom we had experienced some previous professional contact. We had pulled his small cabin cruiser off a shoal in Hawk Channel only a few days before. Clayton was a yearly winter visitor to Key West. His life was blighted by one great misfortune: too much money.

"Think I'll take a look at old Fort Jefferson also," he volunteered, making conversation.

Kane grunted uncommunicatively.

"Might be over ourselves in a day or two," he remarked. "We're expecting a party of government officials down from Washington next week, and Base Six has ordered us to ferry them across when they get here."

Two days later three government officials and their wives boarded us for the fifty-eight-mile trip to the Dry Tortugas. They came aboard in festive spirits, intending to enjoy their holiday to the fullest. But man proposes and nature disposes.

Halfway to our destination a fresh breeze blew up. Its effect on our passengers was disconcerting.

Complete loss of dignity on the part of our suffering passengers was avoided by our arrival at Fort Jefferson.

That impressive hexagonal structure raised itself sixty feet above Garden Key. Fully bastioned and

ringed by a moat, the great walls were four hundred feet long, but the masonry was in a bad state of decay. When in active commission during Civil War days, it had been fully garrisoned by Federal troops and at one time housed a thousand prisoners of war.

Arrival alongside Fort Jefferson's small dock was an hour late due to our choppy passage. Lieutenant Kane prepared to conduct the government group on a tour of the historic site, but a few minutes after he left the boat for that purpose he returned.

"Raise 888 on the set and tell them to request Naval Radio to relay a message to Base Six asking a plane to be sent down here." He gave us a wry grin. "Our passengers can't take it. One of the women said she'd rather swim back to Key West than ride with us."

The radio equipment aboard our boat was a small fifty-watt powered telephone set designed to operate on the standard Coast Guard frequency—approximately 2600 kilocycles. Under ordinary conditions, this provided a range of a hundred miles. It could not, however, transmit on commercial or naval frequencies. So, before leaving Key West, we had arranged a schedule with 888, a Coast Guard cable vessel, to receive our messages and send others to us as required.

I glanced at the dancing whitecaps. "How's a plane going to land on that?"

"The wind is falling. By the time the plane gets here, it'll be calm."

Kane proved an accurate weather prophet. When, three hours later, a plane roared in from the north, it was able to set down on a relatively calm sea.

Our government guests, their tour of Fort Jefferson concluded, were rowed out. The plane took off, circled once over Garden Key, and went on its way.

Kane decided to lay over at the Fort for the night. Most of us went fishing. I had hooked a ten-pound

snapper just as Hank Midgett came running onto the dock to where the lieutenant and I were seated.

"*Silver Tern* is calling us, Skipper," he stuttered. "Something about a plane that fell into the sea."

Kane leaped up and raced back to 999, where he disappeared into the pilothouse. I trailed him quickly.

Silver Tern we knew to be equipped with short-wave radio telephone facilities. In emergency, commercial or pleasure craft were permitted to use the Coast Guard wave length. Our first thought was that some mishap had befallen the plane carrying our political tourists. Earphones clamped over his head, Kane was rapidly taking down a message. Over his brawny shoulder I read: "Just saw plane land in water about five miles east of me. Am proceeding to her assistance and will stand by awaiting your arrival. Present position twenty-five miles south of Bird Key. Dennis Clayton, *Silver Tern*."

"Sound the recall signal!" Kane ordered, removing the earphones.

Our Klaxon horn wailed its raucous command, the prolonged blast echoing over Fort Jefferson's lonely bastions. Our crew, most of whom had been fishing, hastily pulled up lines. They converged on 999 from all points of Garden Key. Five minutes later we left the dock and stood out in the channel of Tortugas Harbor.

I asked anxiously, "Do you think it was that plane of ours?"

The Skipper shook his leonine head, jamming his hat down over his shock of unruly red hair to anchor it against the sportiveness of the breeze. "No—they're in Key West by this time. Besides, the plane Clayton reported is south of us, not west or north."

But amateur yachtsmen like the wealthy young idler we knew were not always sure of their position and left something to be desired in their quality as navigators. I mentioned as much to Kane.

"If he was alone," he admitted, "that might be the case. But he brought out a Conch from Key West to act as fishing guide. You just can't lose one of those Conches. They know the lay of the Keys too well."

Jensen, who had relieved Kane at the earphones to maintain telephone contact with *Silver Tern*, broke in. "Clayton says he'll be alongside the

plane in a few minutes, and wants to know how long it'll be before we get there."

"Tell him by seven-thirty," the Skipper replied. "Direct him to send up flares at fifteen-minute intervals from six-thirty on. You might also tell him there'll be a full moon tonight and we should be able to pick him up easily enough."

We had sent a telephone message to cable vessel 888 in Key West which would be relayed to Base Six by the Naval radio station. In it we reported that we were proceeding to the assistance of a plane down on a flight from Cuba to Florida and that *Silver Tern* was standing by until we arrived to take aboard the survivors, and the plane in tow.

An element of mystery was inserted into the situation by the reply radioed back to us by the Base Commander: "No plane reported missing or overdue at Florida airports. Establish identity of plane and occupants. Tow plane back to Fort Jefferson. Await instructions."

"Light—three points off the port bow!" It was Hank Midgett's shout

from the pilothouse. "Looks like a red flare!"

"Paul, tell Clayton we just saw him and that we'll be alongside in a few minutes," Kane told me.

Our leather-faced native of Key West, Conch Haines, relieved blond-haired Jensen at the telephone set. I passed Kane's orders on to him.

"*Silver Tern! Silver Tern!*" Haines called into the speaking piece. "Coast Guard 999 calling *Silver Tern!*" He turned to me with a helpless shrug. "Can't seem to raise them."

Jensen, pausing on the threshold of the pilothouse, threw back at us, "I was speaking to Clayton a few minutes ago. He said there were three men on the plane and that he had taken them aboard. He promised to call again in a few minutes."

"Keep trying to raise him," I said.

Kane, frowning over the chart spread before him in the pilothouse fifteen minutes later, observed reflectively, "That's funny. According to the position Clayton gave us, we're just about there." He laid aside the parallel rulers and dividers and glanced at the clock. "We'll heave-to

and drift," he decided. "Wait for the moon to come up."

The night was breathlessly still save for the reassuring hum of our twin Sterling motors. Lieutenant Kane rang the telegraph down to STOP position. Hove-to, we drifted idly.

"Floating object dead ahead!" Hank Midgett promptly announced.

"Keep it in sight!" Kane barked. He stared around. "Wonder where the hell *Silver Tern* is?"

That the object sighted ahead of us was not the missing playboy's cruiser was manifest when we approached close enough for identification. It proved to be a small, drifting amphibian of American make and registry, with the Department of Commerce markings for that type of plane clearly emblazoned on wings and fuselage.

"Check those numbers and markings with the plane reported stolen from that Miami airport last week," Kane ordered.

I went to do as bid. A few days before, Base Six had radioed all patrol craft and shore stations to be on

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the lookout for a seaplane which had disappeared from a Miami airport under mysterious circumstances.

The numbers checked!

"Something screwy about this business," Kane conceded. "Draft a message to Base Six and give them the lowdown on this business and ask them to pick up *Silver Tern*." As an afterthought he added, "Better put it in code."

Within thirty minutes the entire facilities of Base Six had been marshaled to cope with the situation. But not before Hank Midgett made another discovery: bullet holes in the pontoons of the plane. Sargasso weed and kelp had been sucked into the punctures, temporarily checking the inflow of water.

"So they tried to sink her after all," the Skipper mused. "At that," he surmised, "she'll sink by daylight, so there won't be much use taking her into tow." He thought a moment, then decided, "We'll cut off the markings on her wings and the numbers on the fuselage. We'll use them for evidence."

We lowered a dinghy. With Conch Haines at the oars and Kane and me in the sternsheets, we crossed over to the plane, accompanied by a formidable escort of curious tiger sharks. One of the more inquiring of the creatures nosed a little too close. He scratched his sixteen-foot length against our boat, causing it to list. Kane's pistol spoke, pumping .45-caliber slugs into the glistening monster. Blood had no sooner trickled from the wounds than that little part of the sea underwent a sudden convulsion as other sharks fell voraciously upon their stricken fellow and tore him to bits.

Kane said, "No use hanging around here until daylight. We're too small to salvage that plane and she may drift for quite a bit, a dangerous derelict. Set her afire and head back to Fort Jefferson," he ordered.

She was burning furiously when we left her astern, ringed by the watchful school of tiger sharks.

Fort Jefferson's small harbor was deserted. "There's been no boat in here since you fellows pulled out," the sleepy caretaker told us crossly, when we awakened him with questions about *Silver Tern*.

Had her wealthy young owner set a course for Key West, he must have reached port by this time. But there

was no word from 888 to that effect. Daylight was still some five hours off. All we were able to do now while the Coast Guard dragnet slowly closed in was to wait.

"Craft believed to be *Silver Tern* hove-to twenty miles southwest of North Elbow Key. Too rough to land without endangering plane. Will circle overhead until you arrive."

We received the message from a Base Six search plane sent us via Naval Radio and 888. We had been waiting all night and half the following day.

North Elbow Key was over in the Bahamas, the highest of a small group of islands known as the Double Headed Shot Cays. It was British territory. If our fugitives were there, or anywhere within foreign territorial limits, they would be temporarily safe. It would be necessary for extradition papers to be sent to the seat of the British Government at Nassau.

With typical Gulf Stream behavior, a heavy swell came up long before we sighted the Coast Guard plane. We were soon taking green water over the bows. In due course we pinpointed the plane, circling a thousand feet above a drifting cabin cruiser, which, upon approach, we were able to identify as the no longer missing *Silver Tern*.

"I want to talk to Clayton!" Kane boomed when we had nosed to twenty yards abeam the other craft.

There was no answer. The wheel was deserted. *Silver Tern* wallowed in the trough of the swells. For a moment we thought she might have been abandoned. But no. A head presently protruded above a hatch of her afterparts. Kane bellowed his request again.

Came the shouted answer: "Mr. Clayton isn't aboard! He chartered this boat to me for a week."

"When?" bawled Kane. "And where?"

"This morning in Key West. We left Clayton there."

This statement we knew positively to be false. Had *Silver Tern* touched at Key West, she would have been seized immediately. We intended to determine the reason for this obvious lie at once, acting on the law which gives the Coast Guard the right to board an American vessel even on the high seas to examine her documents and equipment.

"We're coming over!" Kane said.

The man aboard the cabin cruiser was joined by two others. All three then embarked on a spirited conference. While they were thus engaged, Kane gave orders to have our one-pounder gun manned and ready.

I maneuvered the bow of 999 close to the white-painted stern of the cabin cruiser. The Skipper poised as the two vessels dipped and rolled, rose and fell. He made the leap. No helping hand was extended by any of the three on *Silver Tern*. I felt that it was only our one-pounder gun cleared for action which discouraged active opposition.

Kane introduced himself to his unwilling hosts succinctly. "And now," he said, "I'd like to examine your equipment just to satisfy myself you have a sufficient number of life preservers and fire extinguishers aboard and that they are in good shape. I also want to see your Certificate of Award number."

THE man who'd delegated himself spokesman aboard the cabin cruiser was a trifle below average height—stocky, but powerful in chest and shoulders. "Left it behind in Key West," he growled.

"Then we'll have to take you back there to get that little detail straightened out," Kane told him promptly.

The hopelessness of their situation was apparent to the three men. No other recourse was open but compliance. At Kane's signal I brought 999 alongside. We received a towline and the trio came aboard sullenly.

We searched them. Two small revolvers of the pocket variety came to light, snub little .32-caliber weapons, plus a blackjack. We looked on our arrests with a jaundiced eye and stowed them safely behind lock and key pending our return to Key West.

"I figure it this way," Kane subsequently told me. "Clayton must've picked those guys off the plane last night and took them aboard his boat. Then they gave him the deep-six! No wonder there was so many sharks playing around that plane! I bet they made short work of the poor guy." He shook his head pessimistically. "It may be easy enough proving those blokes got away with the stolen plane and *Silver Tern*, but proving Clayton was murdered is going to be plenty hard."

A charge of murder on the high

seas, particularly when the victim has been jettisoned, is perhaps the most difficult to make stick. This is so because the necessary exhibit, *corpus delicti*, cannot be produced. Before a murder indictment may be brought against the accused, there must be some visible proof of the deed—either the corpse itself or some recognizable or identifiable portion of it.

Once back in Key West we were met by a United States marshal with a patrol wagon for the receipt of the prisoners.

The United States District Attorney who came aboard early next morning listened attentively to Kane's version of what he assumed had transpired. The former was not too sure that a murder indictment against the accused would be returned.

"One of our boats," a fisherman told us, "hailed in a big tiger between here and Dry Tortugas yesterday. We opened him up this morning and found a human arm in his belly!"

It appeared a bizarre and macabre shot in the dark, but we didn't want to overlook any possibility. A small motorboat took us across to the odoriferous little factory, where our fisherman guide led us through the tainted sheds.

Finally he halted and trained a flashlight on what was unmistakably a human arm in a bad state of decomposition.

After a brief inspection of the grisly object, Kane decided, "We're taking this along with us. You can tell the coroner he'll find it over at the Marine Hospital."

The interested doctor and the noted pathologist who examined our exhibit were minute in their scrutiny.

The pathologist devoted particular care to the fingers. With his hands encased in rubber gloves, he examined the limb critically.

The gruesome process had its own morbid fascination. The scientist made a cut around the knuckle of each stiff finger just above the first joint. Then, skinning the tissue from the flesh, he inserted one of his own rubber-gloved digits into the patch of skin removed from the dead hand. He washed it carefully with alcohol. After that he applied fingerprint ink to the strip of skin and rolled it carefully onto a sheet of paper. Faintly, yet visible to the naked eye, the tell-

tale whorls of the print revealed themselves.

The District Attorney was pleased when Kane showed him the print.

"Good!" There's just a chance it may match those of Clayton, who held a reserve commission in the Army. I'll forward a copy to the Department of Justice and instruct them to send it over to the War Department." He drew a breath. "If it works out," he promised, "the arm will be submitted as *corpus delicti* in a murder indictment against those three pirates!"

A week later we were asked to the office of the District Attorney again.

"You'll be glad to know," he stated with satisfaction, "that Breton, Sanchez, and Doyle—alias Frenchy Legault, Cuban Jake, and Lefty Doyle—will not have to fight an indictment for piracy!"

We looked puzzled. "No?" I asked, uncertainly.

"We're ignoring it."

"After all that trouble?"

"—for an indictment of murder on the high seas!"

Kane and I broke with the words simultaneously. "You mean—?"

"The boys were dope smugglers. They've been giving agents of the Narcotics Bureau a merry chase for the last three years."

"Clayton's prints came through!" Kane divined.

The District Attorney shook his head. "No. Those fingerprints were not those of Dennis Clayton, according to the records."

Our surprise was evident. The District Attorney went on to explain. "They belonged to one John Harris, Key West fishing guide, who was with Dennis Clayton. Harris was in the rum-running game when it first started. Got caught and served a year and a day in Atlanta. His fingerprints were taken in routine Federal procedure and filed. They checked with those you took from the belly of that tiger shark!"

Kane and I relaxed. *So a dead man, an ex-rummie, had put the finger on three live murderers!*

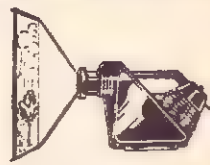
And how conclusively was proved when the higher courts refused to recognize an appeal from the verdict of a Federal jury which convicted them. The men were sentenced to death by hanging.

We were satisfied when the richly merited fate was carried out. ■

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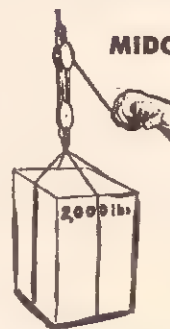
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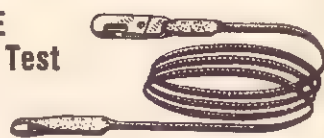


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SCARLET WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Melinda had told them. They might have money enough to hire guides then.

Up to this point the weather, murderously hot though it had been, had at least given them nothing more than a few short rainstorms. But then all hell broke loose. The rains came. The creeks and rivers up beyond the Rockies started to deliver their swollen burdens into the Platte. As the river rose, the dry soil, boiled hard by a long summer's sun, acted as if it were cement. One minute the girls were trying to urge their horses across the soggy countryside and the next the river spilled out of its banks, swamping them.

Melinda's girls didn't drown, but they lost everything in the next few hours. The frightened, mismanaged horses bolted, taking wagons, provisions, clothing, cash. Wet, bedraggled, miserable—but still alive—they scowled up at the sun as it boiled down after the flash storm.

"What do we do now?" A blonde asked. She was nude from head to hips.

Melinda gritted her teeth. She pointed west. "What the hell do you think?" she asked. "We keep on going that way. There's bound to be some sort of town up ahead. If there's a town, there are men. And where there are men—well, dammit girls, what do you think we came for?"

It may have been a long trudge, but it was also a grim one. And with necessity staring them in the face, they were amazed to discover that they moved faster without a wagon than with one. Some eight miles ahead, they found a road. By late afternoon they had arrived on the outskirts of a small settlement.

The town was hospitable, or at least the innkeeper was. When Melinda Young explained their predicament, he promptly put them up in three of his best rooms, and even provided them with supper. He didn't realize at the time that they were

completely broke, or that some of the girls waited in the rooms, naked, while Melinda smuggled their dresses out to other gals, also naked, hiding in bushes at the edge of town.

It wasn't until the next day that suspicion rose in the innkeeper's mind. Seeing them muddy, and unkempt, on his own initiative he suggested to a fellow merchant—the clothing store owner—that the girls might well appreciate a change of costume. They did indeed appreciate it, until the request for cash was made. At that time the terrible truth became known.

The girls were quite calm about it. They'd pay, they announced, as soon as they could. By morning, they expected.

"And how do you propose to raise all that cash overnight?" asked the merchant, not at all reassured.

One of the pert misses drew a remnant of dress material—filmy silk—tight across her full bosom, then cut off the man's fascinated stare with a haughty twirl of her skirts in his eyes. He understood, and how.

In an hour the news was all over town. Twenty-one sleek, young prostitutes had landed and were anxious to receive all clients forthwith. By noon some two dozen males were hanging about the hotel bar, drinking and waiting their turn to go upstairs. By sundown, word had spread into the countryside: business boomed.

The hotel keeper was fully reconciled. In drinks alone, the room rent was more than covered.

The rest of the town was not reconciled at all. Out of some eighty voting males, the most important (egged on by their wives) were up in arms. With the banker, the feed merchant, and one of the blacksmiths arrayed against the outrage, it wasn't long before other conscience-prodded souls fell into line. By morning a solid majority were petitioning the sheriff to "do something—and fast."

The sheriff had had a fast idea,

about a tiny redhead, but in the face of this outraged citizenry, and an election less than three months away, he regretfully carried out his duty. "Better leave town, girls," he suggested. "By noon tomorrow."

Melinda's more practical side prevailed. "Why not move across the river?" she said. "That way we girls can stay here. It's another county. We'll be out of your damned sheriff's jurisdiction."

Within seconds, she and her companions were lifted onto willing shoulders, and like victorious warriors were carted triumphantly to the riverbank. There, old MacPherson, the raft man, was "induced" to ferry the party across. It took several trips.

The next few days were busy ones. The cowboys, egged on by a promise of "something for every man who gives us a hand," worked like galley slaves. As news of the coup spread in ever-widening circles, each hour saw new recruits coming to join in. A group of large log cabins quickly rose on the north bank of the Platte. Two well built, well chinked buildings were designed as living quarters for the girls. A third larger cabin—much larger—subdivided into convenient chambers, was constructed for entertainment. It was more crudely built, since it went up faster. The boys were anxious to collect their rewards. A fourth building, this one in exchange for cash money, went up next door. This was the saloon. The innkeeper from town had quickly noted that girls plus men equal drinks; that drinks in quantity equal far greater profits than are to be gained in running a family hotel. His hunch proved absolutely correct.

As the days passed, a vast air of peace settled over the countryside. Contentment reigned supreme. Melinda's girls were happy, the cowhands were happy, old MacPherson, whose ferrying business increased, was happy, and the innkeeper turned barman was happy. Even the esteemed ladies and gentlemen in the south bank town were pleased: they'd won their point, they'd saved their village from sin.

In late September one of the two blacksmiths took a gamble and moved his forge across the river. Cowboys mean horses; horses always need shoes. And it made sense for the smith to be where the horses were hitched: at Melinda's. He prospered

immediately. At the same time his rival back in town, who formerly had shared a major percentage of the work, now found that he was doing less than a quarter of the business his more enterprising competitor was enjoying.

The clothing store suffered too. An itinerant tailor had set up shop on the sin bank, and most of the cowhands were buying his service: "We work while you play. Your clothes will be mended when you need them." Clothing store sales dropped one-third.

But the straw that broke the town's resistance was the rumor which started circulating in mid-October. Who started it, no one knows. But it wasn't long before the feed store owner dropped in at the bank to pass on this startling bit of news. "Did you hear? They say that the railroad's going to build a station over by sin town." The Union Pacific tracks ran some six hundred yards north of the farthest shanty outpost.

The fact that nothing could have been further from the Union Pacific's mind didn't enter into it in the least. For frankly, not only did no one

bother to check on the rumor, no one really cared. It was only an excuse, a face-saving maneuver. What counted, more than anything else, was that the townsfolk were losing cash. In the entire history of the town—and that stretched back close to twenty years, a good nine and a half years before the Civil War—business had never been so bad.

It was then that some genius came up with a compromise.

"We don't want them all over here. There's too many to start with. Now I wouldn't object to a few of the gals setting up shop in a quiet way, back upstairs over the hotel bar. But I'll be damned if I want a whole passel of painted women strolling around town hawking their trade. It wouldn't be seemly. Let's at least keep the town dignified."

A roar of approval greeting this remark. Sage heads nodded wisely. A few girls wouldn't be too bad at all.

The vote on the proposals was taken. It carried easily.

The next day a committee headed by the banker went to call on Lady Melinda and her brothel band.

Actual negotiations were a lot smoother and easier than anticipated. The girls had done well. But there were drawbacks. First, cowhands were not the best of paying customers. Their salaries were rather restricted. Second, shanties were hardly the most comfortable of working or living quarters—not to women accustomed to the civilized comforts of Cairo, Illinois. But most important of all, winter was coming. None of them relished the thought of remaining in the rough surroundings of log cabins during that terrible season.

The girls considered the offer. Since five of them wanted to stay, this caused another discussion, but that was solved too—by lot. Melinda and the rest were only too happy to push on. They returned to the committee and shook hands on the deal.

Melinda Young and her passionate safari moved on to Denver. They never reached Great Falls, Montana, their original destination. But what matter that? Melinda had made her mark. No man or woman can ever desire more than that from a wasted life of misadventure. ■

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SPY WORK?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

objectives. The U-2 incident is not our only recent cloak-and-dagger flopperoo.

Part of what Jan has to say has been heard from others before, and much of it has since been confirmed at high administrative levels. Yet it hits with a different sort of impact coming in the words of one of the master spies in the western world. Americans who pick up the checks for our espionage, and who, whether they know it or not, depend on its success for national survival, should be as alarmed as Jan by this history of failure.

"We fail, and we fail badly, because of our own clumsy errors," Jan insists. "No major power shows so many soft spots as America. None of them can afford it. Neither can we—the West. Some American mistakes I remember with no difficulty because they cost us so very much.

"There was the high-ranking Communist satellite official we might have pulled out. We learned the official was going to be purged days before he knew about it. We received word of this from one of our operators working a field radio inside the area. He got it from a reliable undercover informant in the Communist government. So, on this one we had a real edge.

"Right away we began figuring how to exploit the information. Some of our people went through political files and made a thorough character analysis of the satellite official. The analysis showed practically no character at all, which was what we'd been hoping. If we could make a contact and convince him he was due for the purge, he probably would let us smuggle him out to safety in the West. Everything in his past pointed to this reaction.

"It would have been a tremendous victory if we pulled it off. For one thing, the defection of anybody so highly placed is wonderful propaganda for America in contested terri-

tory. For another, this man was bound to have large quantities of classified information in his head—military strength, atomic development, security organization, even some secret codes. All of this we could have put to good use."

The name of the man would be familiar to most readers. He had been in newspaper headlines some time ago. But Jan dares not identify the official for fear of exposing some vital espionage lines still running into the target area.

"Until that point, everything had gone off well," Jan continues. "Then we hit a snag. Bureaucracy always lacks flexibility, and in America there is bureaucracy so tight it pinches. One U.S. administrator thought the project sounded risky. My God! Any espionage mission involves risk.

"For four whole days they haggled over the idea. Some inquiries run out by the office teletype took hours and slowed the action down even more. Personally, I use commercial cables much of the time instead because they're so much faster. But my point is that at a time when swift, decisive action was needed, our project ended up in the dim, agonizing channels Americans must live by.

"All this time our radio op on the inside kept messaging us: *Hurry, hurry*. Every hour scaled down our chances of success. We kept asking for speed while high-level administrators passed the buck back and forth. Finally, on the fifth day, they gave reluctant consent.

"Ordinarily we plot an assignment like this one with tender care. Extra men backstop each stage of the mission, while we avoid tangling our lines by sending several field agents in along different routes for contact with the target. But now we had run out of time. Communist security forces might arrest the official at any moment. Our chances for success were slimmer and the risk was greater, but we had no choice.

"Our best escape man was a fellow called Victor. Victor had been running people over the border for more than a year. This time we offered him a thousand dollars—big money—if it worked out. We told him he had to handle most of the contact work himself once he got into the hostile zone. He didn't like the sound of it, but agreed to take the assignment.

"Victor left the same night. At the border some tough characters we hired staged a noisy diversionary raid. They stood in the darkness on the safe side of the frontier shooting guns, screaming, throwing weighted bags on the fences to set off the electronic alarms. Flares whooshed up, mines exploded, Communist watchtowers opened up the night with large searchlights. And just as we figured it, border sentries from adjoining zones came running over to converge on the area.

"At exactly twelve-thirty by the luminous dial on his wrist watch, while the loud diversion continued, Victor cut a hole in the Iron Curtain three miles up the line and crawled into the enemy world without any trouble.

"He never made it all the way. They caught Victor the next day and killed him. Our target was arrested a day later and executed following the vaudeville that passes for a fair trial in a People's Republic. Given enough time, we never would have suffered total collapse on a project so important. As it was, four days of red tape left us without any margin for error."

Jan's anger at the failure of this assignment is not misguided.

At higher levels, the intelligence reports are distributed to various government agencies according to their area of interest—State, Defense, Atomic Energy, Air Force, FOA. Only through reliable intelligence estimates can the U.S. government operate effectively in the field of foreign affairs in this age of total peril. Red tape routine snarls effectiveness, causes deadly delays, endangers field agents.

But bureaucracy is only one major stumbling block. "There is nothing worse than an incompetent agent," Jan says, "but in my seven years with the Americans I have seen far too many behave like Boy Scouts.

"One recent summer day, some misfits caused a big flop in Berlin," Jan says. "A chair-borne operations

man walking up the street in the U.S. sector heard an odd little click behind him. Fortunately he reacted the way he should. He didn't turn around immediately. Instead, he kept on walking until he came to a shop window where he paused long enough to notice an attractive girl following him.

"Up around the corner he pulled up short. As she came around, he jerked her into a luggage store and telephoned the Security boys. Through a hole in her purse the girl had been taking pictures with a Rolleiflex camera. Security took her away for interrogation.

"Well, the interrogation led to a search of the girl's room. She was a refugee from the East and, as I said, an attractive one, too. On some sort of whim she had decided to sign up with one of the many western agencies in Berlin for anti-Communist operations. But she was turned down everywhere she went because she had no obvious skills beyond her fine appearance.

"So, to prove a point, she decided she would identify as many of the resident U.S. intelligence men as she possibly could. Espionage is based largely on deception and guile. For this reason most espionage men deliberately masquerade as something else in public—Census Bureau, Refugee Registry, Economic Council, almost anything. Any time an exposure opens the real identity, we suffer for it.

"As things turned out, the girl proved an alarming point. In her room they found thick reports on forty-seven different men and women with full or part-time connections in the local American intelligence apparatus.

"She had full descriptions. Name, any cover name, approximate age, size, coloring. She had photographs she took with the camera hidden in her purse. She had pictures of their signet ring crests, hand-drawn profiles, even the year and make of their automobiles. What's more—and this was really deadly—she had followed them around enough to list their exact contact points, informants they met, and operational schedules.

"How did she get all this? Simple. The average American espionage man either skulks suspiciously around town with his collar turned up, which is obvious, or he acts dumb all the

time. As soon as the girl found the first intelligence worker, she followed him around listing his other contacts, and then she followed these around, and so on. We had to abandon some important operations immediately for an obvious reason. If this girl could learn so much, what about Communist specialists with their years of intense training?

"Look at how dangerously some of these fools talk. They don't realize that the whole world beyond their office is a big enemy ear carefully tuned in on them. They simply do not realize how anyone—a waiter, a taxi-driver, the couple at the next table—may have connections with the other side."

Except at the highest and lowest levels, when on the one hand we have excellent professionals like Allen Dulles and on the other the best hard-rock field agents in Europe, the personnel just doesn't measure up to the job.

An incident occurred in East Germany last year which illustrates a blunt point. One of our chair-borne intelligence men had a chance to go into hostile territory under circumstances that involved no real risk. Quickly, with an eye on what he could tell the boys back home some day, he snapped at it.

The assignment took the form of a guided tour through East Germany. Our intelligence man went and bought himself a loud necktie, double-breasted suit, stockings with a clock pattern—the works. He did everything right—except for one thing. During his three-week swing of East Germany, he had failed to remove his West Point ring. Sharp-eyed Reds, of course, saw to it that he was given a carefully screened tour.

Similar foul-ups have occurred elsewhere in the world. At a party in Hong Kong, one incompetent agent loudly blew the cover name of a large espionage agency in the area. In Europe a blabbermouth casually exposed in conversation in a large restaurant the true identity of an intelligence man who had been building a cover reputation as something much different.

Many of the misfits drawing wages in American intelligence happen to be assigned to the vital evaluation work for reasons too bewildering to contemplate. If there is one crucial

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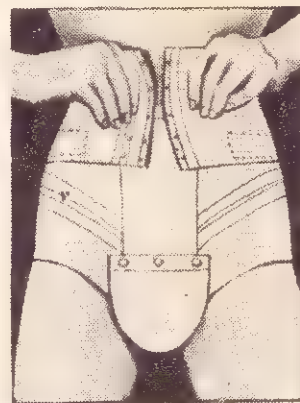
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phase of intelligence once the material is whisked from behind some section of the Iron Curtain, it is evaluation. And proper evaluation is one of the weakest links in America's espionage system.

Recently, news of a secret naval build-up deep in Russia reached our hands. Yet our Strategic Air Command, responsible for lining up vital retaliatory target strikes in Russia, hit the ceiling when the information came in many days late. SAC lives by a grim stop watch, and speed is essential. At the moment, we live or die by SAC.

That American espionage agencies fall dangerously short of even minimum standards in an age of crisis, is Jan's main message. Almost everything he has seen shaped a fearful vision of our own futility.

It is easy to find the root of the trouble. Until World War II America maintained only a small and insignificant espionage apparatus. Before that, our role in global affairs amounted to a semi-isolationist, hands-off attitude. Then, almost overnight, we became the leader of the free world. To support effectively this leadership we needed an abundance of good, reliable intelligence material, and we needed it fast.

Thousands of positions opened and were filled with whatever talent was available. But this talent did not begin to measure up to the high goals anticipated, on paper at least. Our chronic national approach to espionage as either a fairly crooked business or something wildly romantic had left its mark. Somebody had to fill vital jobs, and our lack of a real tradition meant that too many of these somebodies simply had no conception at all of the subtle, deceptive work required.

Already America has suffered by its inexperience in this field.

Shortly before Christmas a few years ago, Western counter-intelligence officers working West Berlin arrested a shapely, dark-haired, twenty-four-year-old German beauty, Irmgard Schmidt. Using her womanly charms, Irmgard quite easily collected the most sensitive espionage material from Americans and handed it over to Russian controls. Among the most shocking charges filed against her was one showing how the girl gave the Russians our order of battle sections in Berlin. She also

handed the Soviets hush-hush details about U.S. secret agents, underground workers, and espionage routes into the East. American agents who let themselves be seduced of these secrets might just as well have gone out and executed a few of their own top field agents themselves.

None of the overlapping U.S. espionage groups working the Far East gave any advance warning of the Korean invasion despite a massive Communist military build-up only a few miles beyond the 38th Parallel.

Some months later General Douglas MacArthur's own field intelligence service insisted that Chinese troops would not enter the Korean fighting as our forces approached the Yalu River area. England, for one, correctly evaluated abundant signs to the contrary with an intelligence estimate that China would certainly join the fighting.

During the rioting in Egypt, which flared on the streets of Cairo and a thorough shake-up of the Suez, American intelligence reports filed from the Middle East showed *no* awareness of these coming events.

For too many years, thick walls of security have made the whole field of espionage a flagrant sacred cow.

Much as American intelligence officials try to hide their record under the covers of national security, parts of it have leaked out from time to time through special task forces evaluating our government operations. Some time ago the Hoover Commission looked into the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. The report: It had "not yet achieved the desired degree of proficiency and dependability."

Not long ago a special study group headed by Lieutenant General James Doolittle reported to President Eisenhower that the CIA could be improved.

From Jan and from many other sources, including directors of two of our largest agencies, come opinions on America's spy success, or lack of it. The estimates range from mediocrity to absolutely awful.

"It wouldn't be so bad," an agent just in from a Far Eastern tour revealed recently, "if we could only see some improvement up ahead. We can't. Instead of even a halting improvement, our American espionage gets progressively worse. Every time the panic sets in at high levels they

react in the same way. In a great spray of memoranda, they lay on more agencies, more lines, more money—more of that same clumsy bigness. So while the basic structural defects remain, confusion is multiplied."

No other nation, not even the Soviet Union, maintains so many confusing, overlapping lines of intelligence as we do. The British, for example, do a superb job in Berlin with only three basic brand names while ten American agencies stumble all over one another.

Only recently one of the United States groups casting lines into East Germany decided to put out some smoke by deliberately leaking false and misleading information to the enemy. For a period of several months, false material calculated to deceive the Communist security into whose hands it fell went trickling back into the hostile world.

The eternal chestnut seemed to be going off without a hitch until somebody at a higher level made an alarming discovery. Another American agency operating in the same area largely on a fumble-and-a-prayer policy had been going to great lengths to buy back this *same* phony information from informants in East Germany.

In all this American bigness and bureaucracy, the inevitable feeling of rivalry crops up again and again to scale down efficiency even further. More and more vital lines collapse simply because the rivalry has reached what amounts to competitive bidding for the foreign-born informants and field agents who work the dirty end of intelligence. In Germany, one British group filed an angry protest after a U.S. agency hired three good informants away from them at double the rates they were paying.

"We had something big going for us over on the Chinese mainland," a civilian espionage man stationed in the Far East commented. "One of the Japanese set up the lines and really did a good job for us. Just as it began producing regularly, he left us for better pay with an Army agency."

In Munich, residents bumming around a small hotel lobby not long ago were treated to some high-comedy effects without any real humor for America. Two agents for two

different U.S. agencies carried on a loud public quarrel as to who had first call on a tough German informant known as Muller. As things turned out, neither one ever got a grip on Muller again, for he quit them both in disgust after learning about the incident, and signed with the English on the reasonable grounds that they at least air any disagreements in private.

Other simple truths also get overlooked. It is axiomatic that for success, espionage must be bold, venturesome, imaginative. Too often the operations are whittled down to hesitant, plodding routine.

A few years ago a control man assigned to Europe came up with something new. It sounded good to a few old pros in the area. And even if the plot failed, America would have been out only a field agent or so, small loss by the hard code of espionage for the chance of such great success.

Through reliable sources working inside Hungary we knew that one of the Communist espionage officers in charge of spies fanning out into the American sector of Austria was enjoying marked success. Precisely what operations he had working we didn't know and couldn't learn, but we knew they existed in abundance, and presumably these lines were making a good book on American military operations and other vital matters.

Our sources inside the lines had supplied sufficient biographical material so that we knew when the Hungarian left his office and a few of the bright spots he patronized. If we sent two men in for a quiet sort of kidnaping and then killed the control officer and left him out on some road it would, with the proper staging, look like accidental death by unknown motor vehicle.

After a raging debate among America's upper-crust officials the idea was rejected. Why? Any failure on a mission of that size would rub off on too many individual records, and promotion is based on success shown in triplicate forms. Individuals cannot be blamed for this nearly as much as the climate in which it flourishes.

Among all the artful schemes which have been killed for fear some bungling statesman of Senator McCarthy ilk might misread the direc-



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tions at some future date, was a fairly good one ready for operation in Germany some time ago. We would hire two residents of a West German town, secretly known to us as Communist agents, for messenger boys by pretending to hire them as trusted U.S. informants and letting them "overhear" false statements about American military plans in the region. We knew they would pass this information along to Communist controls who would laugh at the idea of the bungling Yanks hiring two Soviet undercover men.

Only one flaw kept the neat plan from working out. It never began. To pretend to hire the Germans as American informants they would also have to be paid a small salary for the sake of appearance. And nobody, but nobody, wanted to be in the position of signing orders approving payment of government funds to men known to be Communists—not in this day and age, anyway.

Anyone who doubts the wisdom of their decision might try this on for size: In 1962 or 1963 the head of a

Congressional anti-Communist committee puts a question shaped like this to one of the men who approved: "Did you or did you not in 1960 sign papers to pay a man known to you as an atheistic Communist conspirator large sums of American government money? Answer yes or no only, please. . . . I see. And now we'll adjourn for today."

In the face of its problems and obvious lack of tradition, American espionage will have difficulty untracking itself, and the national security will suffer far more than the average citizen realizes. Jan, the experienced Polish spy, puts it another way, and the way he puts it has an air of chill. "It may not be so tragic that America has no real intelligence talents. As advanced weapons of war reduced the need for brilliant military tacticians during World War Two, so may the wonderful satellite that can be placed into orbit by rocket power reduce the need for skilled human spies. If we have time to get them into the sky."

I ignored it for a week, sufficient time to allow for an exchange of air-mail letters to my home in Palermo. My mother and my younger sisters had heard nothing more of Scilla. They implored me to free her from an Arabian harem which I did not believe existed. Mine was a reputation of brute force; I was not a family favorite. Yet the law is helpless at times and there is a need even for such things as brutality. From Commissioner Friedrich I obtained the kidnap route used in the instances of several French girls his agents had managed to trace as far as the villages and oases of the Sahara Desert fringe. Marseilles was a jump-off point.

I gave a hundred *lira* each to "informers" who virtually formed a line at the cafe table where I held forth. I became a joke, a fool who could be cheated of money by a mere word or two. Perhaps this reputation spread until it reached the right person. In any case one afternoon a sly-looking but ragged man took a seat at my table and slipped across its moist surface a set of rosary beads I immediately recognized as Scilla's. I paid the hundred *lira*. From this man I was able to obtain additional information which convinced me beyond doubt that my sister had been shipped bodily to some Arab slave market. How I obtained it is of little consequence here. I used brutal means, yet nothing technically criminal.





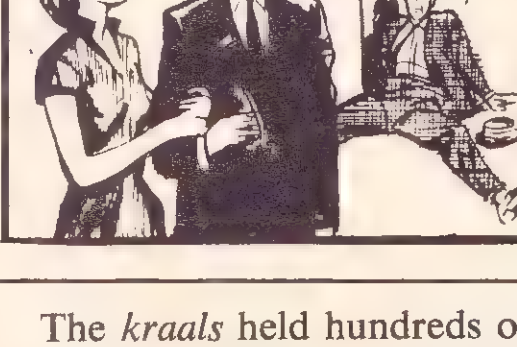
From my mother, sisters, and more legitimate brothers I received funds to buy transportation across the sea to Algeria, and traveled from there by motor car to a desolate point on the edge of the dry Sahara. I bought an outfit — a high-powered Mauser rifle, a guide, supplies, water bags, camels. I asked to be taken to the sand dune hills, between Iguidi and El Djouf. Zarak, the guide, agreed.

He grinned. Widely. My smashed nose. My scars. It was not difficult to understand why the white man had to buy a woman. He led me out into the desert. We reached Iguidi, refilled our water bags, headed toward El Djouf. Late that afternoon we topped a dune and the guide slipped from his mount, motioned me to follow suit, and prodded the stilt-legged creatures into reclining position. In the hollow below our vantage point I could see the *kraals*—high-walled pens—the most spectacular sight Western man could imagine.

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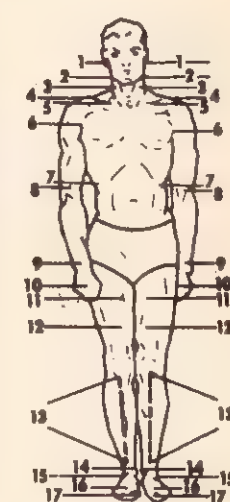
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The *kraals* held hundreds of girls—black and white—some of them dressed in the tattered remnants of fabrics, most of them completely naked. I observed through binoculars that some girls were being led from one *kraal* and handcuffed together in sets of four. I counted fifty sets—two hundred girls. Moslems mounted on camels formed the hysterical females into a crude column. Whips fell across bare backs. The girls were herded, like cattle, deeper into the sand desert.

"Not buy girl here," the guide said.

I knew. The U.N. report had described this spot as a staging area, a jump-off point for the central human slave market some six weeks' hard travel south in the Tibbou Desert. I had provisioned for such a trip,

and the guide agreed to accompany me all the way.

Two days later we reached the Tibesti Mountains and Zarak located the girl auction encampment. I was dressed in Arab garb to protect against the scorching sun. Hiding the girl outside with the camels, Zarak and I casually joined a group of sauntering Arabian sheikhs' buyer agents and walked to the platforms where slavers were auctioning off human merchandise. The girls were paraded across in the nude. Bids were made, contested, accepted usually before a woman could reach the far end of the stand. Her new owner's agent would clap chains or rope on her, and she would be taken off to some desolate Arab encampment in



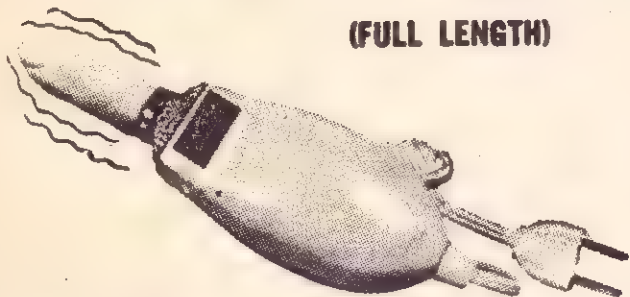
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the vast Sahara, forever lost to her family or her tribe.

No girl who looked the least like Scilla appeared.

"Port Sudan," Zarak said.

According to the U.N. reports Commissioner Friedrich had showed to me, between Port Sudan and Massau lay a shipping point for girl slaves who'd been purchased at the Tibesti camp. Trucks carried these females east from Tibesti and somewhere between Sudan and Massau they were unloaded, placed on *dhows*—barges—and ferried across the Red Sea to the port of Jiddah. One U.N. account, the sworn testimony of an eye-witness, had been particularly shocking to me. British explorer J. Lewis Carver had stated: "One day I had the opportunity to watch a group of three hundred chained young girls being loaded on eleven *dhows*. They were made to lie down on the bottom of the boats and covered with bags of Ethiopian coffee. During the trip the *nachoda*—flagman—spied an English patrol ship and sounded the alarm. The captain instantly ordered the freight dumped into the sea, chains and all, through a special trapdoor in the hull of the vessel. The heavy shackles took care of the rest."

We watched truck convoys carrying enslaved girls toward this embarkation point. Our slower pace, by camel, meant that other convoys would pass before we could hope to reach Jiddah. I would have to cross the Red Sea to continue my search for Scilla.

Reaching Jiddah by morning, I had to pick up the vague slave trail all over again. My one lead, furnished earlier by Commissioner Friedrich, was that Jiddah was a training grounds for young girls about to be delivered into sheikh harems. The slaves were forced to attend notorious "sex schools" where they were instructed in the harem arts.

Still in Arab attire, I prowled through the narrow streets of the sprawling city, kicked dead rats out of my way, tip-toed over oozing sewage, pushed through the crowded junk bazaars. Jiddah smelled as bad as it looked. I learned after considerable effort that the top school for harem girls was run by an Armenian widow who called herself Madame Lydia. What was more important, some sly Moslem gutter-snipes sold guided "tours" through the school—a chance for the poor to see the rich

man's half of the world. This was an easy way in. I paid my admission fee and moved along with the pleasure-seekers.

I saw lovely harem novices being coached to serve their masters. They were taught how to make themselves more beautiful and intriguing. The techniques of the Middle East specialty, the belly-dance, were drilled into each pretty body. And there were other classes, of far more private nature. Two light-skinned students refused to cooperate in these latter classes, and were promptly shackled to a stone wall. Madame Lydia, using a three-thonged whip of hippopotamus hide, flogged them until they submissively agreed to show a better academic attitude.

In all this sickening display, I failed to sight the familiar face of Scilla. I withdrew to the street; my mission seemed at an unhappy end. I knew of no other means to pursue until my downcast eyes fell on the face of a beggar woman. Without thinking, I threw a coin and said something in Italian. This woman responded in my own tongue. I stopped, retraced my steps, spoke to her again. Whether she misinterpreted my intention or not, I couldn't say. But she stood up, a tan-skinned, good-looking woman with a fine figure, and came toward me with that provocative stride females reserve for such moments. I told her I sought information about a slave girl named Scilla.

The woman gave her name as Kawahkeb Um Fahad. She was forty years old, and was enraged because just recently she had been put out to pasture after serving in harems in the Sultanate of Shakhr and Mokalla. In her early teens she had been sold into slavery by her father for the equivalent of one hundred American dollars. Most of her adult life had been spent in one slave-pen or another. Whatever there was to know about harem life, Kawahkeb could tell you.

I asked if she could get me an interview with Madame Lydia. She replied that this was too dangerous. "Let me worry about the danger," I said. "My sister is in a harem, a slave."

Kawahkeb's attitude toward this was surprising. She thought Scilla was quite fortunate. In her own most recent harem experience, in Mokalla, Kawahkeb had what she considered a nice situation. She was one of sev-

enty-two girls on call, so she rarely had to spend the night with her master. Moreover, the harem was equipped with all modern luxuries, as most of them are. It was air-conditioned, had a television set, radio, and tape recorder.

The girls usually wore expensive Paris-made garments with necklines plunging to the waist. Their robes were covered with precious stones and gold ornaments. Aside from the disadvantage of being a slave, the harem girl had a comparatively comfortable life. This was what Kawahkeb had lost when thrown out by her master. She was the woman scorned, and her fury was intense.

I put money into her hand. "I am interested in a blonde girl from Italy named Scilla."

In the Mokalla harem, Kawahkeb said, two delectable blonde-haired Italian girls had been brought in not long ago. Both of them had been abducted in December, 1958, one from Reggio Calabria and the other from Palermo, Sicily.

"The one from Palermo," I said, "what was her name?"

The expressionless woman shrugged. This she did not know. She said the two Italian girls refused to cooperate, no punishment could make them serve the master. Finally, when nothing else seemed to work, the wealthy sheikh distributed long whips of elephant hide to twenty girls of his harem. He ordered them to whip the rebels. This was done until the two girls fell to the floor, unconscious. The harem physician was called to attend to them, but neither girl responded to treatment. Kawahkeb believed that they had no wish to live, and so they died.

Where there is life there is hope, and hope was now gone. In my very early investigations I had discovered that only one blonde-haired girl had been reported missing in Palermo at the time of Scilla's disappearance. The girl who had been killed in the remote southeastern coast of the Arabian Peninsula had been my sister, Scilla Chiana. My search was ended, my word had been kept. There was no need for anything more.

Thirty-three United Nations countries have signed a convention out-

lawing all slavery, but Saudi Arabia did not affix its signature because the delegate insisted that his people consider it an infringement of national sovereignty. The Koran specifically states that a man can have as many concubines as the traffic will bear. "Seek, and ye shall find," says the Islamic bible. This explains why kidnapers from the desert country are searching the European continent these days for pretty light-haired girls like my sister to be sold into a lifetime of harem sex bondage.

"Seek, and ye shall find," may also explain why desert bandits are rushing into a remote southeastern area of the Arabian Peninsula to raid and plunder a Mokalla sheikh rumored to be so rich that his harem women wear diamond jewels on their toes. I have heard that these women go barefooted, among other things, to reward bold men who smuggle them out to freedom. At least, that is the rumor circulated by the angry woman, Kawahkeb Um Fahad, whose voice has been encouraged to loudness by a mysterious donation of a small fortune in Italian *lira*.

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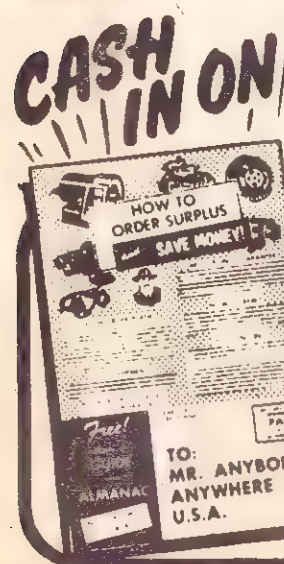
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KISS ME AND DIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

steady stream to his station desk.

"Oh, she's got everything! Boy, has she got it!" The memory perked most of them up.

Her eyes were blue. No one had forgotten how they caught light and sparkled. The hair was dark brown, combed straight back, pinned at the nape of the neck so it sprayed down over her sleek, casually bare back. She wore pink slacks, fitted skin-tight to hips, knees, and calves, and constricted to her tiny waist. The stomach was flat and a pink silk halter arrangement revealed the fine modeling of the muscles there. She was disturbingly busty. Her high curves swelled outward from the extreme cut of a semi-jacket. She was about five-five, a hundred and twenty pounds. Age estimates varied from eighteen to thirty. Who cared about age?

Garton usually shrugged with disgust and dismissed the men. Then the picture took on a more menacing nature. Captain Garton was called to the hospital bedside of a man named LeRoy Mong. Fourteen stitches had been required to replace a flap of his scalp that had been left to hang over his face. Otherwise he appeared to have been run through a cotton gin. In effecting escape from his lady of the evening, Mong had crawled through what had seemed to him miles of dense briars.

His story was simple and by now familiar. He had been waiting for a bus on Grace Street, under a street-lamp, when an old gray Chevvy stopped at the curb. A tiny red-haired girl was at the wheel, a chunky man sat in the middle, and on the outside was one of the sexiest women Mong had ever seen, her eyes sparkling blue in the glare of the overhead lamp.

"Hello, hon," the admirable one said with a white smile that promised everything Solomon is understood to have owned. "You lonesome?"

Thirty minutes later the group stopped in a wooded area near Vir-

ginia's James River west of the city. Mong barely noticed.

"Let's leave the car to them," the bomb in pink britches said in a throaty whisper. She and Mong got out.

Embracing each other, they walked a dozen steps when a slight sound caused Mong to turn his head. He ducked in time to miss a vicious, full swing of a hammer, but took enough of the blow to knock him to the ground. A man's voice snapped, "Why the hell didn't you hold him still!"

Darkness and the briar patch saved the scrambling, terrified Mong from a worse fate: a savage carving, or death itself.

Mong's misadventure could have been an isolated case of a sordid kind, or even a cock-and-bull yarn, but as far as Captain Garton was concerned a murder potential existed.

But the owner of the beauty, form, and passion, wasn't concerned about the captain, much less her victims. Profits were easy, excellent; her pretty face, devastating eyes, and body-beautiful emphasized by tight slacks and revealing halter provided assurance that earnings would continue. Better still, male selections, as long as they had cash, were not picked according to amorous taste since she had no intention of romancing—except with her confederate and flame of the moment, Harry Edward Farris.

Farris was a handsome twenty-six-year-old AWOL airman.

Until Harry's appearance in Richmond, Violet had been doing only fair, working her trade with another dish of her kind, Emma Virginia Dooks, a small, red-headed girl with no finesse, no imagination. Virginia, after a bona fide love affair, had bounced off on the wrong foot to "get even," whereas Violet Merryman was an immoral schemer by nature. The fact that her daddy was a cop in good standing gave her a vicarious confidence, for who would

figure a cop's beautiful daughter a thieving prostitute?

Their first trial heat involved a lonely sailor in Goldie's Tavern. The gob was sitting on a stool, crying in his beer, longing for his girl in Cleveland, when Violet stepped in from the street, bosomy, pink-slacked, and swivelling agonizingly at the waist. The trio took a table, ordered beer. Violet went into her act, smiling provocatively at the woebegone sailor. He stood it as long as he could, moved over to the table, naively announced his plight. Violet took him over as if he were the lone survivor of the orphanage fire.

Next morning a cabbie found him, wandering in a daze, a four-inch gash in his scalp, his face and neck blood-drenched, a terrifying lump on his jaw. He had been deprived of money, jewelry, and self-respect.

Captain Garton viewed the sailor with disgust, reminded him that he who tampers with fire gets singed, and without tangible evidence—what can the police do? After the sailor came the others, three or four every week. Garton figured there must have been more of them, since some for obvious reasons would avoid publicity.

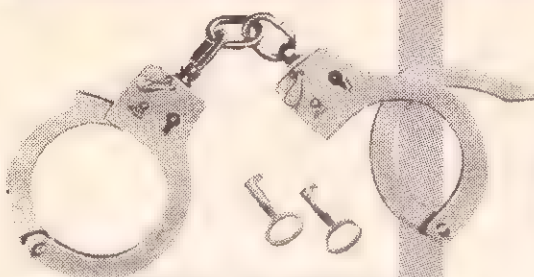
By Friday night, July 17, 1942, the love-trap trio had things down pretty pat. On this night a lulu of a touch walked into the bar. Violet, at the small table across from Harry and Virginia and with a vacant chair beckoning, guessed the man to be about thirty.

"Okay, chums," Violet said. "Go into the act. If ever I saw a man on the prowl, this one is it."

Next morning a young boy en-route to a grocery spotted Frank Hargrove in a ditch, or what was left of him. County police and the coroner found what they were seeing hard to believe, for the corpse had all aspects of a specimen from a horror chamber. The victim had been deeply carved with a keen-edged knife. The blade had been thrust into the left side and the steel wig-wagged as it was withdrawn. But the most violent wound had been caused by a long thrust straight down the neck-pillar and deep into the thorax, between collarbone and shoulder blade.

The victim's pockets were empty. Jewelry was absent. The man's arms were beautifully tattooed, one bearing the letters "M. L. H." beneath a nude

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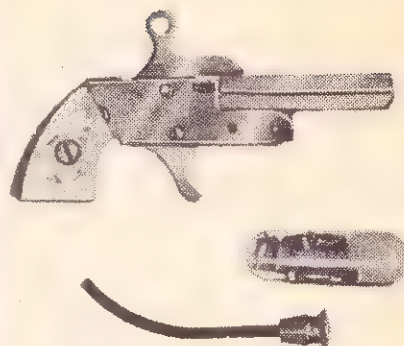
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woman. Beneath the woman's feet was the word "Phila." Then, "Mother . . . To the Memory of—" There was a freshly-tattooed flower on one wrist of the other arm.

County and city police were unable to identify the murdered man during the day, despite press, radio and television appeals. Nothing came in from authorities in the Quaker City after a request was made based on the letters "Phila.," which police assumed might tie in with Philadelphia.

That night, as coolly calculating as if she possessed no nerves, Violet directed the party. The trap was laid in another part of the city. Around ten o'clock handsome, thirty-six-year-old Vinichio Bichi entered the joint. He fell happily for the same routine, and ended up in a wooded area.

As she moved along, Vinichio Bichi holding her suffocatingly tight, Violet did not see the figure that moved along beyond the woods in the moonlight. Ralph Allen was re-

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turning from work in downtown Richmond, taking his accustomed shortcut from the bus to his home beyond the woods. He noticed the parked car, the bright moon showing its color and peeling paint. He shrugged, knowing the usual significance.

A woman's scream turned him. He ran toward the woods. Another scream urged him faster. Inside the woods now, darting his glances, Allen spotted three figures moving wildly in the gloom, two of them with hair flying. He stopped in indecision. One of the figures became recognizable as a man and Allen saw that man raise one arm high, then strike downward. The vicious movement was repeated three times.

"Shut up!" the shrill voice of a woman came to him.

Then Allen saw that the man held a long knife in his hand. One of the women knelt beside an inert form. She got up, there was a muffled conference, the three hurried to the parked car and sped away. Not before the bright moonlight showed Allen one of the women was dressed in pink slacks.

Allen waited a minute or so before going to the spot. He struck a match, got sick, then ran to his home and called the police.

Sergeant Cliff Brown was given the task of backtracking the butchered Bichi. A day and half a night of tavern visiting got him nowhere. Sure, Bichi had been seen, but no one recalled which girl he'd picked up.

On Sunday morning newspaper publicity of the murders paid off. A man who'd finished breakfast settled down to read—and a face pictured on page one drew his incredulous attention. What he read, especially about tattoos, ejected him from the chair and sent him racing to the city morgue. He quickly identified the well-carved gentleman with the "Phila" on his arm as a distant relative of his named Frank Hargrove.

Violet Merryman read the same headlines with a mixture of satisfaction and mild concern. At least, the corpses could not talk. But she did not feel so comfortable over the news item that the witness to Bichi's murder might have seen enough in the moonlight to cause serious trouble.

But the news stories didn't tell Violet that Captain Garton had sent a hand-picked squad—Lieutenants Earl

A. Kelly and L. C. Haake and Sergeants Brown and R. L. Beasley—to claw the city apart for the savage sex-trap slayers.

Three days after discovery of Bichi's mangled body Lieutenant Haake hit paydirt at a small cafe on the city's outskirts. The proprietor remembered seeing a tattooed man, around twenty-five, in a sports shirt, in company with a couple of dames.

"This guy talked like a soldier," Speck Warwick said. "Heard him say something about a revolution. Spain, it was. Yes, Spain."

Five days later, two additions to the squad, Detectives Godgrey and Holland, concluded a discouraging tour with a visit to a cafe on West Broad Street. When the counterman, an old police acquaintance, served the coffee, he said, "You boys talked with Angie Wycliff?"

"What about?" Godgrey said.

"Angie lives in the next block. Something's going on in one of the flats next to her house, she said. She's scared."

"Of what?" Holland said. "If she's scared, why doesn't she call the police?"

"Too scared. It's those pink slacks she read about in the paper."

The detectives rushed to find Angie Wycliff and ask about the pink slacks.

"Every morning," she said, peeping mouse-like out the window as if expecting an enemy, "those pink slacks were hanging on a line out on the back porch." She pointed to the upper flat next door. "For a whole month every morning. But last Sunday morning, no slacks."

"What makes you think that was unusual?" Holland asked.

"Because Sunday was the day after they found that man Bichi murdered. Doesn't that make sense?"

The officers agreed it did. Angie warmed to the subject. She said three people lived in the apartment, since June—a man and two women.

A search of the apartment showed evidence that a lot of laundering had been done and a hasty departure made. That was all. A police alert for the missing tenant and the two women was broadcast. Both Violet Merryman and Virginia Dooks were found to have lengthy prostitution records, locally and in other cities and states.

As to the self-styled revolutionary

fighter, the police were at a loss until Captain Garton sent his men out to the air base. From Speck Warwick's meager description of the wanted man, plus the mention of his bragging about his part with the Loyalists, Captain Akerley was able to help finger the man.

"By damn!" he exclaimed. "Maybe we do have something! We've got an AWOL. A Private Farris. The boys tell me he once whipped up a snow job and somebody called him yellow. He stripped himself and displayed many scars. Said he got them knife-fighting in the Spanish Revolution."

Private Harry Edward Farris was brought in. Confronted by the circle of grim-faced detectives, Farris finally shrugged and asked for a smoke. "What the hell," he said. "No way I can get out of it. You've found me, so you know all about it, anyway. Here's how it was."

Harry had fallen victim in another of Violet Merryman's plots, but he did not realize this had happened to him. He was now confessing out of anger at Violet's decision on that afternoon and evening when they had last been together in the apartment.

"Harry, I hate like hell to do this, but we've all got to leave Richmond. I got a feeling the cops are closing in. You just as well get into your Air Force uniform and turn yourself in at the base. In a few hours they will have you a thousand miles from here. You will be lost in the shuffle."

The two women left the apartment an hour later. Halfway to Petersburg, Violet turned the car off the highway and into a woods road. "We'd better get out and do a little sleeping," Violet said. "I don't think it was smart telling Frank to go to the air base. The way he likes to brag, he's bound to let something slip. That was a mistake. We may be in for a long chase."

Violet waited until Virginia was sound asleep, then gentled the old car back to the highway. When Virginia awakened, alone in the woods, she was frantic. She hitch-hiked to Raleigh and found Violet with ease, since both women had worked that town together before. Violet was furious, explaining nothing. For two days they plied their trade, building up money.

Restless, they went to Georgia. The car broke down and they sold it to a farmer for a few dollars and with

no haggling, since Georgia required no registration of title. Then they turned north, to Columbia, South Carolina, near which Camp Jackson was located. "We can get rich off those soldiers," Violet said. "We will set up shop at a motor court."

Violet had figured right on the economic calculation. They set up shop at a motor court whose owner obliged and took a cut from their profits. But Virginia kept remembering how Violet had left her alone in the woods north of Petersburg. She also remembered, too vividly, those twin murders. She knew Violet was capable of anything.

Frightened, Virginia slipped away and returned to Richmond. The apartment rent had been paid for two months, but she did not know that the police, informed by Harry Farris, had the place under surveillance. To her, home proved a trap.

Kelly and Brown now went south.

When the Columbia vice squad raided her place Violet was totally unconcerned over the outcome. She had already sunk her claws into a young, thick-shouldered soldier from Camp Jackson. Besides his pay, he got money from home. He had fallen hard for her, and vowed to bail her out the minute she was booked.

Less than an hour before the mes-

senger was due with the release, Detectives Kelly and Brown reached headquarters. The eighteen maids of pleasure were ushered into a big room. Violet Merryman, who had given her name as Jennie Morgan, stood out among them like a pearl among pebbles, tantalizingly beautiful. She glanced about the room, seeking her loyal paramour and the expected bail money.

"Okay, Violet," Kelly said. "It's all over. Bail won't help you."

Deliberating exactly one hour, a jury found Farris guilty of murder. Before sentence was carried out he had to await the trials of Violet Merryman and Virginia Doms, first in the city, then in Henrico County. Violet drew two sentences: thirty years and twenty-five years; Virginia's punishment was thirty years and twenty years, a little lighter since she had helped the officers. Officials contend that only natural death can parole this pair.

It was different with Frank Farris. Settled in the State of Virginia's grim electric chair, his philosophy depleted, he muttered at the last minute: "I wish only that I had never met them."

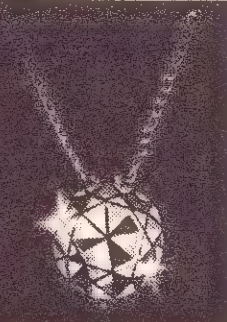
The switch was closed. At eight-forty A.M., October 15, 1943, Frank Farris was pronounced dead. ■

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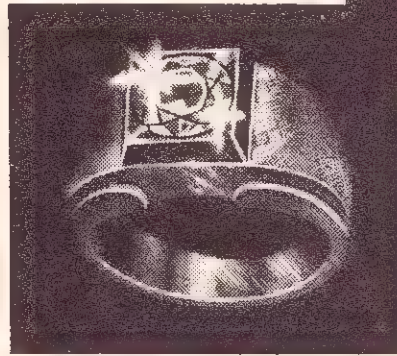
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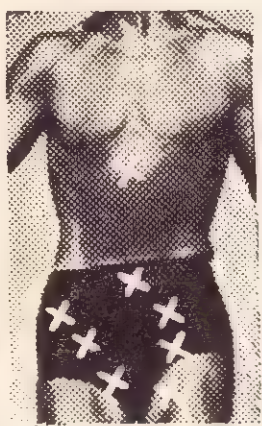
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

his time nursing the oil wells, but made an occasional trip home for weekends with his attractive wife and daughter in their swank east side mansion.

For some reason never explained he began to suspect he wasn't the only man who enjoyed the privileges of his wife's bedroom. So at the end of one weekend visit, after the lovely woman had kissed him goodbye on the train for Texas, he waited a few moments, then slipped out of his Pullman and into the street, where he hailed a cab and directed the driver to move slowly back to park across the street from his home.

He didn't have to wait long. Lights went on in his wife's bedroom. A man he could identify as a family friend entered the room, embraced his wife in impassioned Hollywood style.

Moments later the enraged husband found him and, despite screaming entreaties of his wife, fired a volley of shots up the stairway. The double-crossing Casanova crumpled into nothingness.

Not so long ago, a tall, handsome New York nightclubber bludgeoned his pretty, young heiress wife to death in her bed in their east side home with two candlesticks. They were separated and she had just told him he never could visit their young daughter. The husband got thirty-six years. He almost got the chair when the jury debated whether in the pause between using one candlestick and the other he had time to ponder his intention to batter the woman to a pulp.

Lifeless, limp bodies of murder victims, some lying in pools of blood, are not pretty to look at. One of the most horrible was that of Helen Moyer, dynamited by a rapist in 1937. But cops, hardened with experience, rarely suffer emotional reactions. They're not so much interested in the corpse as they are in who made it a corpse.

Accompanying this story are

typical scenes which greet the eyes of homicide detectives when they arrive in response to emergency calls: the corpse but rarely the killer. Most killers, professional or amateur, flee from the scene of their fiendish handiwork in stark terror of being caught.

Not so with the young man in Cincinnati who had just snuffed the life out of his sweetheart by strangling her. When cops and news photogs arrived he was calmly sitting on the davenport, impersonally staring at the body of his late love. He told the homicide boys he had to do it. She had come at him with a butcher knife with intent to kill. As proof he showed them seven stab wounds. Had she controlled her urge to kill, a terrible tragedy would have been averted.

Even veteran cops are not immune to the destruction bug. Late last year in New York, Officer Anthony Dotti, on the force thirty-two years, strolled into a lower Sixth Avenue tavern, ordered a drink, then casually pulled out his service revolver.

In less than a minute three people were dead—Anne Kenny, forty-six, a switchboard operator, Domenick Megan, forty-eight, ravioli delivery truck driver, and Dotti—who had turned the gun on himself.

Very often homicide cops arrive at the scene of a murder and immediately are puzzled at the killer's motive. Such was the case on the second floor of a Jackson Heights building in Queens, Long Island.

Shot dead were two women, Marie Gazzo, thirty-two, beauty parlor operator, and her friend Kathleen Egan, twenty-five. No witnesses. No gun. No immediate clues. Was one of them secret sweetheart to a jealous suitor? If so, the other could have been killed to get rid of a witness. No recent crime has been quite so mystifying or brutal as this double slaying.

Murders and suicide often go hand in hand. Such was the case when Queens, Long Island, cops came upon the bodies of Ira Schwartz, twenty-two, with a .22 caliber rifle nearby, and Sandra Chick, eighteen. Evidence was certain that Schwartz killed his sweetie, then himself. Why? Nobody but Schwartz ever will know but perhaps Sandra, in that final moment, had some inkling as to her beau's ungallant deed.

Everybody stands by and cheers when a daring storekeeper shoots down a robber. Not long ago a youth-

ful bandit made the mistake of commanding the owner of a store in New York to reach for the ceiling. Near his cash register the merchant kept a pistol which he now grabbed with such lightning speed that the nervous youth didn't see the move. A shot rang out. The young bandit fell dead on the floor, his violent way having forced a law-abiding businessman to kill.

One top authority, after years of experience with all types of criminals, including thousands of amateurs, declares that if "fear of discovery" were removed from the minds of everyone, murder suddenly would assume wholesale proportions.

A man or woman living in an aura of respectability just can't stand the shame of being caught in such base performance as murder. The very thought of the scandal jars him, but if he commits the deed, is caught and exposed to public scorn, he quickly resigns himself to just punishment.

On Easter Monday in 1930 two prisoners at the Ohio penitentiary set fire to a cellblock then under repair. Smoke from this killed 322 prisoners within minutes in the worst prison tragedy of all time. Officials attempted to solve the case by bringing in outside psychiatrists to interview the men individually.

One especially fascinated them—Jimmy Stevens, a short, graying man in his forties with a sense of values that could never be altered, even by a tragedy which had claimed the lives of a dozen close friends. Jimmy, who had spent most of his life behind bars for assorted crimes such as armed robbery, thievery, highjacking bootleg liquor trucks, and two murders, grinned under questioning and asked: "Did you ever think of killing anybody, say your worst enemy?"

"Not lately," the startled psychiatrist assured him.

"Well, if you ever do, let me give you a tip. Don't never murder anybody in a big city. Them homicide cops are too smart. Get the guy you're going to bump off into some farm county. There it'll be a cinch."

Despite 322 deaths close to him, Jimmy's main concern was still how to get away with murder!

But Jimmy's outlook was some twenty enforced years behind the times. Anyone plagued with a secret urge to kill somebody should by all means read the homicide cops' bible,

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A widely known case is that of Mrs. John Kaber, wife of a wealthy aging Cleveland printer, who decided she would be much happier in their suburban mansion if her husband weren't around. She hired two professional killers for five hundred dollars who entered the house, found Kaber in bed, stabbed him seventeen times and made their exit unseen by anyone. No clues, no witnesses. Mrs. Kaber was happily enjoying herself at Cedar Point, a pleasure resort sixty-five miles west of Cleveland.

The perfect crime! Or was it?

A detective agency dug up a woman friend of Mrs. Kaber of more than average intelligence, confided their suspicions to her, explaining they could get no concrete evidence but felt positive the wife had masterminded the deed because she was the only one who had benefited.

For two solid years Mrs. Kaber and her friend were constantly together, enjoying cocktails, swapping confidences like friends do. Then one night, after a few innocent drinks, the friend whispered to Mrs. Kaber that life with her husband was unbearable, that she was trying to plan some method of getting rid of him.

Mrs. Kaber, with sudden inspiration, exclaimed, "I'll help you. I know how, because I did it myself!"

Case closed. Fashionable, handsome Mrs. Kaber was sentenced to life in the Ohio Women's Reformatory, where other inmates refused to speak to her. Finally, she wilted away to half her weight and died in mental torture.

Veteran homicide cops have a valuable tip which could very well save the lives of thousands of passion murder victims. When in an argument with his sweetheart, a man shouldn't raise his voice or lose control of his temper, no matter how tempting. It only baits sweetie into doing the same thing in self-defense, followed by personal name-calling.

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HONKY-TONK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

and purposely kept jiggling her shoulders in feigned annoyance, making the task more difficult. The beer customers cheered Tex when he completed the job.

Last phase of the Striptease Lottery was the G-string. The middle-aged Frenchman who held the winning number for that event was sure and confident. Taking firm hold of the filmy black lace, he eased it off deftly and triumphantly held it aloft. The fully nude torso-swayer ducked swiftly under his arm and disappeared into her dressing room. Applause and whistles drowned out a jazzy rendition of "Come to Me, My Melancholy Baby."

This unique floorshow is a nightly feature on the *Reeperbahn*, Hamburg's main drag of neon-blazing pleasure palaces running some five hundred yards through the famous Sankt Pauli port district. The *Reeperbahn* is Germany's bad-girl block, where a no-holds-barred policy produces the wildest sin street in the world.

A visit to the *Reeperbahn* is one never forgotten—this reporter is still shocked by it. The bawdy block, which is a short five-minute trek from the Elbe River waterfront, has more flamboyant night life concentrated along one strip than in the rest of Germany put together.

One of the favorite hangouts is the Tabu, where sailors like to go to look in on the club's famous "fashion show"—a dozen girls whose supple figures are a credit to the twelve nations they represent. The girls, who represent a kind of stripped-down United Nations, are the most naked ever displayed in public anywhere. The audience goes wholeheartedly for a gimmick of voting for each filly as she parades forth to represent her country, completely nude except for one garment, according to the electoral rules.

Perhaps the most popular show on the *Reeperbahn* is the gimmick called

Damenringhampf in Schlamm, a wrestling match with a few earthy innovations. First of all, the two opponents are women who fight a twenty-minute bout naked to the waist. That in itself should raise eyebrows, but the whole match is staged in a small ring filled with a generous supply of rich, thick, gooey mud.

In a matter of minutes this slop manages to plaster the fighting frau-leins from stem to stern. Hamburg is the only city in the world that boasts a spectacle of this kind.

The owner of this unusual grunt-'n'-groan emporium is a man who also owns seventeen other showplaces in the Sankt Pauli. Journalistic instinct said to look up Herr Willi Bartels, who proved most friendly and offered an interview later in the evening. But in the meantime would the journalist care to gab some with one of his lady wrestlers after the first show? Why not?—so Herr Willi fixed up a free ringside seat and advised that one of the muscular mudslingers would come out later and we could chat over some mugs of beer, on the house, of course.

The main event started when a referee came out and planted himself behind a shoulder-high plastic sheet. He blew a whistle and from behind the curtain emerged a towering strawberry blonde who could have qualified as a sparring partner for King Kong. She wore a long robe during her introduction. Her opponent, also on the buxom side but somewhat shorter, stepped into the mud ring in a pure white cloak and bowed silently at the announcement of her name.

Immediately after they got their instructions from the ref, both Amazons peeled off their capes. They were in fighting uniforms: bathing cap and abbreviated tights. The audience gasped, then began clapping. Both girls were on the large side—but beautiful, if you like them king-size.

At the whistle, the fight started. Within a matter of seconds both blonde, creamy pinups were generously blackened with thick mud. From the spectators came cacklings, hoot-calls and encouraging words of advice or sarcasm.

Both grapplers were business-like in the ring. They had a fairly good basic knowledge of the traditional holds which they put into mechanical use as they rolled, tumbled, squirmed and wallowed in the muck. After

awhile it was impossible to tell one from the other as they twisted arms, heads and torsos into all kinds of weird contortions. It was a rough battle.

At the end of Round Three came the climax. Red pinned her rival flat. She brought down the house when she stuffed generous handfuls of mud into her opponent's trunks, whereupon the referee stepped in and proclaimed the strawberry blonde winner and new champion.

There are eight girls who take turns wrestling each other. Every once in a while the management stages a free-for-all and all eight girls crowd into the ring at one time. Sometimes devil-may-care customers even get into the act, for which the management is always apparently grateful.

But the drinking gang has a good time no matter what happens. This was obvious while we waited for our interview to show up. The girl who came out half an hour later was "the new champion"—big Red herself. Dressed in a severe black suit with white lace collar, and no makeup, she seemed a wholesome kid, no more than twenty-two years old. She introduced herself as Nif, a name we had never heard before. We congratulated Nif on her victory, but she threw her coppery head back, laughed delightedly, and said it mattered very little. "Next time, is my turn to loose," Nif added good-naturedly. "One time I win, next time other win. Nobody is paying attention, *nicht wahr?*"

"How did you learn to wrestle, Nif? Was that what you always wanted to do as a career?"

At this point Herr Bartels rumbled over. Almost as if by reflex action, Nif sprouted up from her chair in a pseudo-military stance of attention.

"I now go," she said. "And I wish you *gut* luck. *Auf Wiedersehen, mein Herr!*"

Bartels, with true German thoroughness, provided escort to the Hippodrome, a low-ceilinged basement affair done up garishly with a fake Moorish decor. Stale beer and assorted smells greeted the nostrils upon entering.

In the center of the cellar ginmill was a circus ring some thirty feet across. A pert young thing in a clinging silk dress was galloping around on a white horse as a three-piece orchestra thumped out the strains of

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the "Blue Danube Waltz." In the middle of the cinder-covered track were four other horses, a small donkey, and two camels.

One bistro on the *Reeperbahn* that galls Willi Bartels with severe competition is Mehre's, a joint several doors along the street.

Mehre's is a plushy club with narrow mirrors and mahogany panels. The dance floor glows with red neon lights as an eight-piece ensemble juices up the German version of "Ciribiribin." Every table is equipped with an electric numeral and a small white telephone. This reporter had hardly sat down when the phone began to ring. We picked up the receiver.

"I'm lonely," whispered a girl's voice in English. "You look nice."

"Who are you?"

"Turn around and look at Table Fourteen. If you buy me a drink, I'll come over."

We looked around to Table Fourteen and gazed on an expensively dressed blonde who was really a knockout. She looked nineteen, at most twenty.

"My name's Renata" she said in the phone, and smiled from across the room. "If you want, we can have nice fun together."

We jammed the receiver down and ran out of the place.

Few of the frauleins who peddle sin along the *Reeperbahn* are pros like Renata. Nearly all of them are

just Hamburg working girls—stenographers, store clerks, teachers and housewives—who need the extra money to keep the wolf from the door. What has brought on this abundance of unattached girls is the fact that Hamburg became the movie capital of Germany after the war's end. Pretty, but jobless, the girls began to walk the streets.

Of course the *Reeperbahn* has its hardened pros, too. Most of them work at the end of the *Reeperbahn* where there's a slight turn that feeds into a sort of alley. Known as *Herbertstrasse*, it is separated from the rest of the *Reeperbahn* by walls at both ends so that only pedestrians can get through. On both sides of this strip every groundfloor window is ablaze with light. The prostitutes negotiate their trade with the customers as the men walk along the gutter. Every house on that cobble-lined block is a bordello and displays the sign: "*Zimmer Frei!*"—Room Vacant! The *Schneppen*, or prostitutes, in their various stages of undress, serve as their own barkers, pitching all kinds of come-on sales talks at clients.

"My name is Irmgard. I will be your *Kamerad* for tonight."

"Many sweet hours, *mein Herr*, for so little. If I do not interest you, I have friends inside."

And so on, until the other end of the alley. Most Hamburg males never get that far, and few want to. ■

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MURDER CASTLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

and the gold teeth of his victims.

The architect of this bizarre edifice, and the master-of-ceremonies of its horrendous goings-on, was one Dr. H. H. Holmes. In May, 1896, less than a year after the Chicago police uncovered the evidence of his devilry there, Holmes saw the bottom drop from under his devious schemes—and from under himself—when he took a fall through a hangman's trap. But oddly enough, his swift journey into space was not because of any of his Chicago misdeeds, but because of an unbrotherly caper he had committed in Philadelphia. A handsome, well-spoken, carefully groomed murderer of only thirty-six, his execution came years too late, in the opinion of those best able to speak of his fabulous career.

Still, Holmes was convicted of just one murder: that of Ben Pitezel.

The best that can be said for Pitezel is that he was so addicted to alcohol that his awareness to all else was blissfully dulled. Dangle a bottle of the hard stuff in front of this chap, and he would follow like a cat after a fish-monger's cart. During the summer of 1894, Pitezel's dedicated pursuit led him from St. Louis, where he had his wife and five children temporarily lodged, to Philadelphia, where he went alone and rented a store on Callowhill Street.

So far as is known, Pitezel's "pat-ent" business attracted but a single customer, a mechanic named Eugene Smith who had invented a device of dubious efficacy for sharpening saws.

"Come in a few days from now," said Pitezel. "Perhaps I'll have good news for you."

On the afternoon of that day the mechanic returned. He found the door of the store closed, but unlocked, and he went in. Pitezel lay on the floor and it was apparent that he was dead.

Smith ran from the store and notified the police, who, in turn, notified the coroner. What investigations this

latter official made were, to say the least, superficial, for without bothering to perform an autopsy he came to the same conclusion Smith had: death by accident. But in his report he did incorporate one truth: when examined, the body of the dead man was in a state of rigor mortis, and that meant death had taken place only a few hours previously.

Since the neighborhood was a tough one and since Ben Pitezel was a nobody to Philadelphia editors, the local papers gave the story little play. For some while, in what was to become a remarkable march of events, there was no sequel—not until September 15. On that day, the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company, at its home office in Philadelphia, received a letter from Jephtha Howe, a St. Louis lawyer, who declared that he was the representative of Mrs. Pitezel, widow of Ben and beneficiary under a \$10,000 Fidelity policy. Pay up, Howe told the insurance company, for Ben was dead. Mrs. Pitezel had seen a wire-service notice of his death in a St. Louis paper.

O. L. Perry, the company's claim manager, checked his files and found Benjamin F. Pitezel, age 41, was a Fidelity assured. The policy, issued not long before, had been written in Chicago, not in St. Louis. In replying to Attorney Howe, Perry demanded proof that the man killed on Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, was actually Pitezel.

Howe answered back by telegram. The Pitezels had formerly lived in Chicago, he explained, but St. Louis was at present their home. Then he added that he and Pitezel's fourteen-year-old daughter were coming to Philadelphia, and that he was summoning there another unimpeachable witness to the identity of the dead man—Dr. H. H. Holmes, a Chicago physician who had known Pitezel for many years.

The body was laid out in a shed adjoining the potter's field. On the way to view it, Holmes told Claim Manager Perry that he remembered Pitezel as having a wart on the right side of his neck. Such a wart was found on the corpse. Holmes identified the body positively, and when it came to the daughter's turn to view the corpse, she emerged from the shed weeping bitterly and crying: "It's my father—my poor father!"

The body was buried again, now

in a regular Philadelphia cemetery through the efforts of Dr. Holmes. Then Holmes, the daughter and Howe left Perry, and the claim manager figured he would never hear of them again. But he was wrong, very wrong. Soon, circumstances would so conspire that the names of the three—and especially the name of Holmes—would be before him for many, many months to come.

These circumstances were touched off by a letter from Marion Hedgepath, a famous train robber of the day presently languishing in a St. Louis jail. In early October, Hedgepath wrote the Fidelity Mutual to "expose a fraud," and at the same time, he admitted, to satisfy his "vengeful spirit." Until late July, said Hedgepath, he had as fellow inmates in his jail both Ben Pitezel and Dr. Holmes. The two were charged with a mortgage swindle—borrowing on a St. Louis building they did not own—but had been released on bail through the efforts of Attorney Howe and with money provided by a woman called Georgie Anna, Holmes's wife.

Before leaving the St. Louis jail, Hedgepath went on, Holmes and Pitezel had concocted plans for a life insurance swindle. Pitezel was to play the role of the man who would "die," since he had already secured a \$10,000 policy, and Holmes the role of the physician ready to identify him. No one would die. A corpse from a medical school would be used.

On reading the shocking missive, Claim Manager Perry performed a couple of quick checks. He discovered no wire service had carried the news of the Callowhill Street explosion. Mrs. Pitezel could not have read a story of her husband's death in a St. Louis paper, as Attorney Howe had claimed.

Perry rushed to St. Louis and confirmed other of the details in Hedgepath's letter: Holmes and Pitezel had been inmates of the St. Louis jail, and Mrs. Pitezel, shortly after the \$10,000 insurance company payment, had disappeared from the city with four of her five children.

Dozens of Pinkerton operatives worked on the case for upward of six weeks. They did a superior job, especially in the dossier they compiled on Dr. H. H. Holmes. The man was actually a physician, they discovered, but his true name was not Holmes; this was only one of his

several aliases. He had been born Herman Mudgett, on May 16, 1860, in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, the son of the village postmaster.

Mudgett married at eighteen. His bride, Clara Lovering, was a pretty, unsophisticated Gilmanton girl who had more than just looks to recommend her; she had been left a little money. Clara's inheritance put her husband through the University of Vermont, where he took an academic degree, then through the University of Michigan, where he was graduated in medicine. After that—and after he had had a child by her—he deserted Clara and vanished.

If Holmes played footloose with Clara, she was by no means his only victim. In 1885, in Wilmette, Illinois, Myrta Belknap, the handsome daughter of a well-to-do merchant, fell for him and he married her bigamously.

Again Holmes took it on the lam. In 1889 he cut back to Illinois—to Chicago—where he once more landed on his feet, now as business manager for a Mrs. Holden, whose husband, a pharmacist, had recently died and left her a drug store. Holmes ran the store with marked success. In a matter of months it became the most popular in the neighborhood.

Curiously, however, it yielded Mrs. Holden but little profit. When she began to complain, Holmes announced he would buy her out. Then Mrs. Holden suddenly vanished.

In a like manner, the subsequent disappearance of Frank Conner, a clerk in the store, failed to raise any eyebrows—in spite of the fact that Conner's wife, Julia, a young and luscious brunette, immediately started living with Holmes on the quiet.

Not long after he had got control of the store, Holmes sold it, and with a part of the take bought a large lot a few blocks away, at the corner of Sixty-third and Wallace Streets.

With the beautiful Julia acting as a shill to help him with the financing, Holmes excavated and then began building on his lot a structure the like of which Chicago had never seen. It was of wood, fifty feet by one-hundred and fifty, two stories below ground and four above. Conventional shops occupied much of the street floor, but above and beneath these a maze of rooms, winding stairs, and twisting passageways defied definition.

As the weird building grew, mock



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battlements sprouted on the outer walls and decorative turrets on the roof. Neighbors called it, understandably, "Holmes's Castle," and when they asked Dr. Holmes what he planned to do with it he informed them it would be a hotel. "For young ladies," he added. "From all over the country, there'll be a lot of unchaperoned girls coming to the Exposition and they'll need a proper place to stay, in a good, moral environment."

Beginning early in 1893, a succession of young women entered the Castle, never to leave. Some had come to Chicago to get jobs at the Exposition, others merely to take in the sights, and all wanted a place to stay. But before admitting them to his exclusive "hotel," Holmes carefully screened them. Did they have any jewelry, and savings? If they failed to write home regularly, what would be likely to happen? Holmes chose his "guests" on the basis of gullibility, financial worth, and one further factor: he made certain they had no sweetheart or male relative who watched over them too carefully.

Some of the Castle's street-floor shops Holmes rented out; the remainder he used for his own purposes. In one he sold human hair and skeletons; in another, second-hand gems and watches. Along with her other capacities, Julia Conner served Holmes as a clerk, and while there is no reason to conclude she knew he was a murderer, Julia must have realized that his intentions toward the girls who roomed at the Castle were at least larcenous.

While Julia could control her repugnance to larceny, she could not control her jealousy. If a girl picked by Holmes happened to be pretty, Julia stormily insisted he get rid of her immediately. But this was not Holmes's way. The prettier the girl, the longer he kept her around, especially if his hypnotic eye caused the lass to cozy up to him.

And so it was with Minnie Williams, a fetching, 19-year-old blonde from Texas. Minnie fell for Holmes, thus earning Julia's anger, and since Holmes took longer than usual to tire of Minnie, the situation had only one resolution: it was Julia's turn to go.

Holmes despatched Julia without a qualm. The fact that for a couple

of years she had been his devoted mistress and his loyal accomplice meant nothing. He gave her the usual forever-silencing treatment. Then he resumed his attentions to Minnie, who was an orphan and along with her sister, Nannie, had inherited a piece of Fort Worth real estate valued at more than \$20,000.

Then Holmes gave Nannie the customary death treatment and started off for Texas with Minnie and Pitezal in tow. In Denver, however, their trip was seriously interrupted when Holmes, in a hotel lobby, met a girl who charmed him as much as he did her—a flaxen-haired beauty named Georgie Anna Yoke, from Franklin, Indiana. Georgie Anna had money, but even if she hadn't Holmes would have been captivated; she was the only woman he ever encountered for whom he had any feelings even approaching tenderness.

Georgie Anna and Holmes were married in Denver on January 17, 1894. The extent to which Minnie Williams remained duped is evident in the fact that she appeared as a witness at the wedding. It was one of her last appearances. Holmes rushed back to Chicago with Minnie, and when she accompanied him to his Castle she never emerged.

The attempt of Holmes and Pitezal to realize on the Fort Worth property belonging to the late Minnie and Nannie Williams might have succeeded but for Pitezal's alcoholism. Through their feloniously acquired deed, they had the property sold and the proceeds of the sale almost within their grasp, when Pitezal got dead drunk and committed the worst of all crimes in Texas: he stole a horse. With a howling posse after them, the unholy pair had to gallop for it, and they barely succeeded in escaping with their lives.

Later, in St. Louis, it was Holmes who fumbled the ball. Desperate for money, he tried to mortgage a local drug store and took Pitezal along to swear that he was the druggist. Their choice of mortgage brokers was unlucky. The one they approached happened to know the druggist. Both culprits landed in jail.

There they met Marion Hedgepath, the train robber, and later Attorney Howe. There they plotted the fraud against the Fidelity Mutual, and there, too, Georgie Anna found them.

At the time of the potter's field incident, Georgie Anna, not knowing anything about the insurance claim, was in an Indianapolis hotel. Holmes parted with Attorney Howe in Philadelphia and took Pitezel's daughter, Alice, to Indianapolis, where he installed her in a different hotel. Then he visited St. Louis, got Mrs. Pitezel's endorsement on the \$10,000 check, cashed it, pocketed the money, and escorted the woman and her four remaining children to Indianapolis.

On or about October 10, on a side trip out of Indianapolis, Holmes was accompanied by Howard Pitezel, and the eight-year-old boy was never seen again.

A few days later, Holmes moved all of his remaining charges to Detroit, where he again employed the multi-hotel dodge. The three parties traveled at night on the same train, yet Holmes managed the situation with such dexterity that one party never learned of the other two.

On October 18, on a side trip out of Detroit, Holmes was accompanied by Alice Pitezel and Nellie Pitezel, twelve. Neither of the girls was seen again.

Holmes had begun his flight with seven in his flock; now he had reduced it to four. With these four—Mrs. Pitezel, Dessie and Wharton traveling in one unit, and Georgie Anna and himself in another—he proceeded to Burlington, Vermont, where long ago he had taken an academic degree at the State University.

On the afternoon of November 17, he stopped by a newsstand in the lobby of the hotel to buy a Philadelphia paper. It was then that the Pinkertons, in the person of an operative named Hanscom, nabbed him.

Charged only with fraud, Holmes waived extradition and was returned to Philadelphia.

Claim Manager Perry reviewed the file on the case and came across a startling discrepancy. According to the coroner, the body in the patent shop had been in a state of rigor mortis consistent with death having taken place a few hours before its discovery, yet Holmes now characterized it as a medical school corpse, in which event it would have been that of a man dead for a good many days. In a tense interview with Holmes, Perry charged him: "You're a physician and know about such matters. You know a body stiffens

soon after life has left it, but that the stiffness remains for only a short time. Tell me this: after rigor mortis had disappeared from the body you claimed you used, how did you make it return?"

Without apology, Holmes changed his story. Now he declared there had been no substitute corpse. The body was really that of Ben Pitezel, who had drunk himself to death.

By now the case was no longer in the hands of the Fidelity Mutual, but in the more authoritative grip of the Philadelphia police. Detective Franklin Geyer began back-tracking along the itinerary Holmes had taken following Pitezel's death. Although the investigation occupied him for several months, it eventually proved what had happened to the children. They had met the same fate as their father. Detective Geyer found the dissected and burned body of little Howard Pitezel in the cookstove of an abandoned house in Irvington, Indiana, and the bodies of Alice and Nellie Pitezel buried in the cellar of a house on Vincent Street, Toronto. This explained the side trip Holmes made from Indianapolis and his side trip from Detroit.

The news of these shocking discoveries gave the Chicago police the needed impetus to inspect Holmes's Castle. For days on end, what they found occupied column after column on the front pages of newspapers throughout the United States. Through Holmes's diary and the unmailed letters of many of his victims, the detectives pieced together what happened to Julia Conner, Minnie and Nannie Williams, and a horde of others.

By the end of the summer of 1895, Holmes found himself under indictment for murder not only in Pennsylvania, but in Illinois, Indiana, and Canada.

When all the evidence was in, the jury reached its verdict, found Holmes guilty of having killed with malice aforethought his weak-willed co-conspirator, Ben Pitezel. He was sentenced to hang.

Before going to the gallows, Holmes dressed himself fastidiously, in patent leather shoes, spats, striped trousers, and a morning coat. One newspaper, in reporting his apparel, remarked: "In view of the nature of the proceedings, no necktie was considered necessary."

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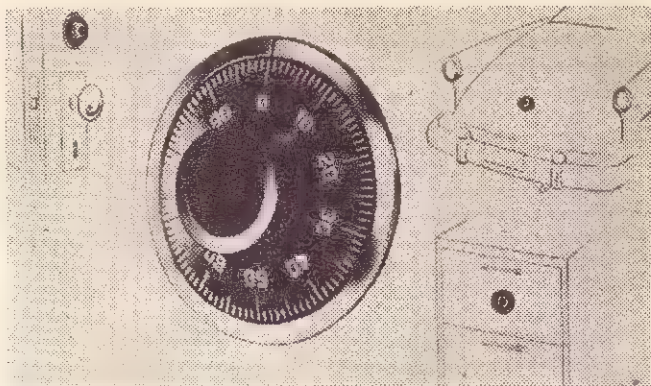
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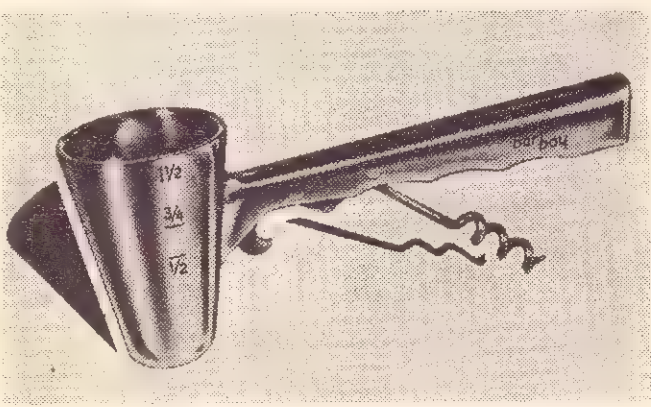
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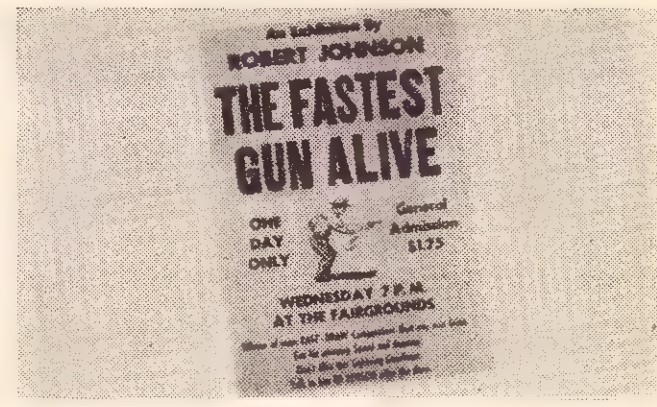
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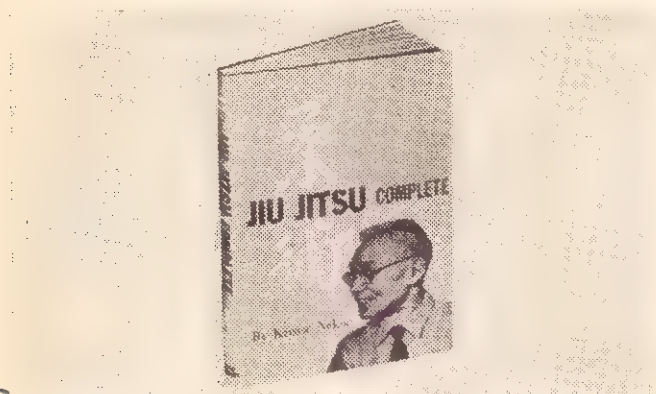
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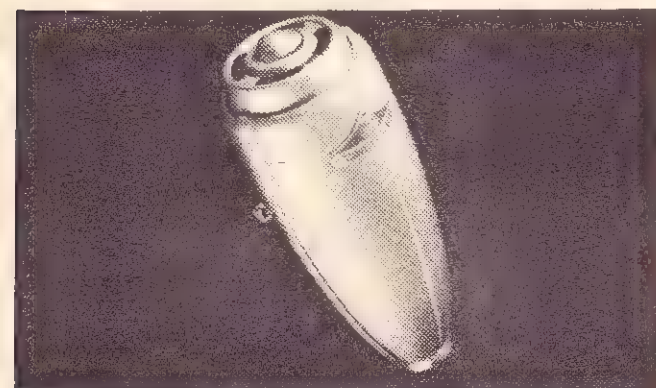
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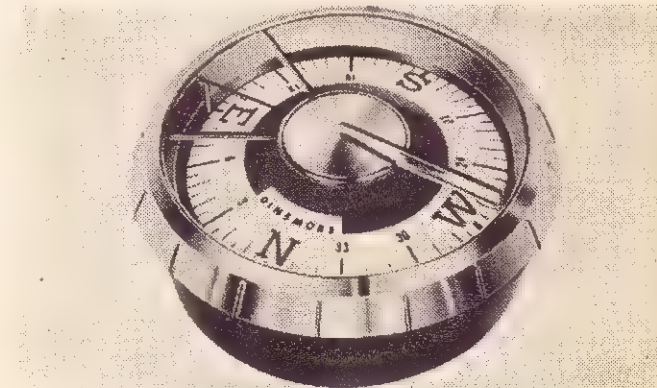
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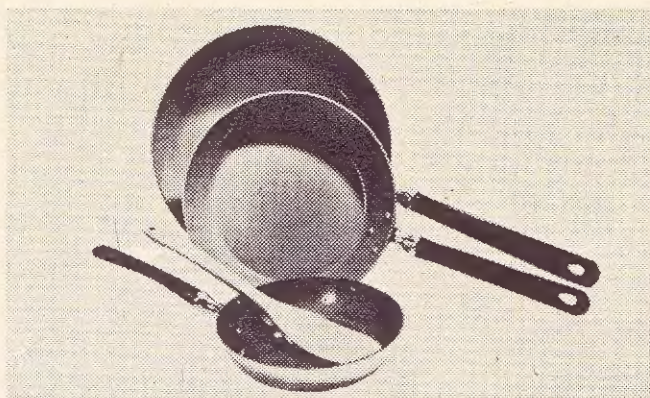


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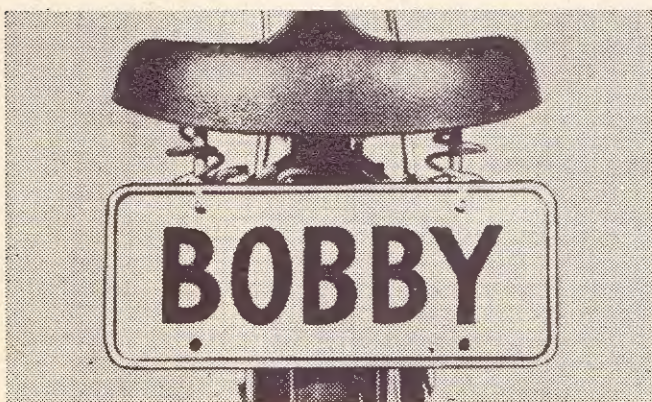
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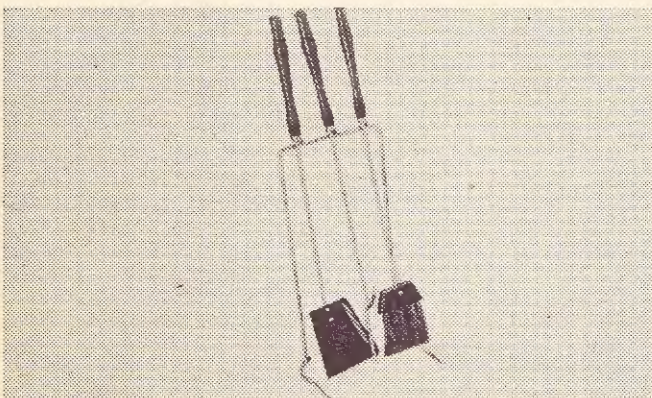
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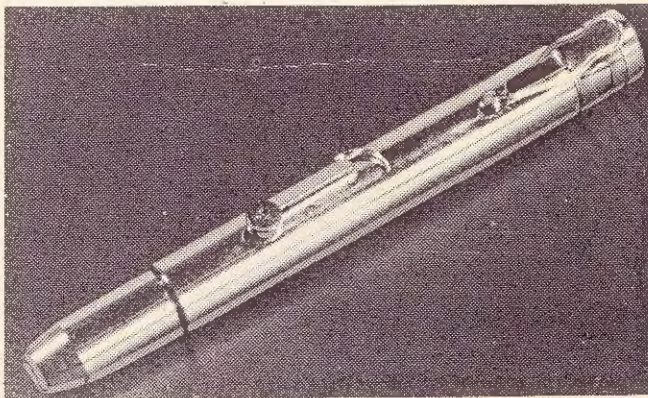
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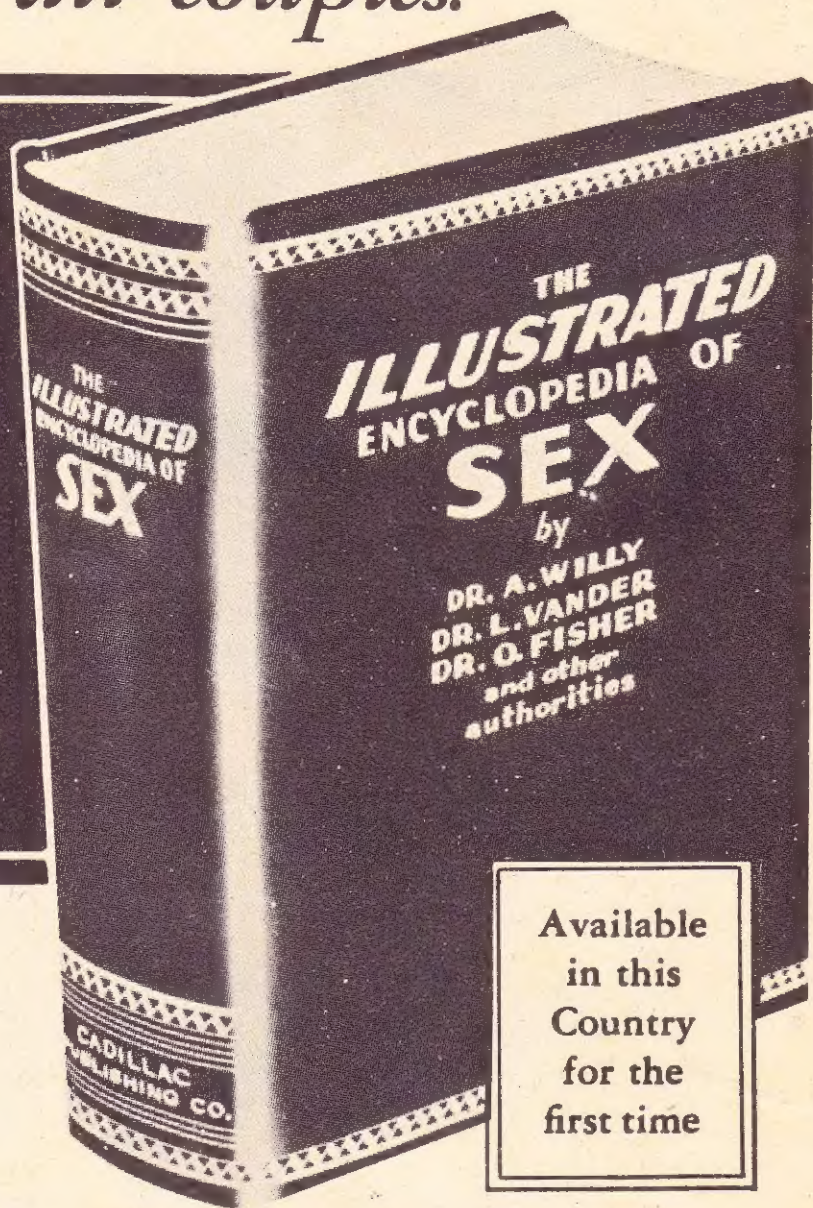
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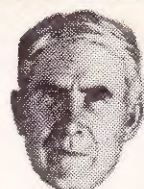
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